

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXIII--No. 27

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 3, 1910

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address

New Publication Office, 404-5 San Fernando Building.
Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.
Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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ALASKA GOVERNOR'S SANE PLEA

THIS conservation of Alaska coal lands is not so simple a matter, perhaps, as appears on surface view. Might one not ask with a degree of pertinence, what, if any, are the interests of the Pennsylvania and other eastern coal men in the matter? It would be interesting at least to know their views on the subject of coal land conservation—in Alaska. In the coal mines of Alaska there is enough fuel to last the United States, at the present rate of consumption, about five thousand years. Before the Alaska coal supply can be exhausted, the poles and the equator may change places again, or new continents may arise out of the ocean to replace present continents that may then be seafloor. If no geological changes take place, at least there is every probability, as the governor of Alaska well says in his annual report just published, that long before the coal supply can be exhausted so crude and primitive a way of obtaining fuel and power will be supplanted by solar generators or other contrivances.

It is a fine thing to behold the government so prompt to indict these Alaska coal land settlers. Even Alaska coal mine developers should be honest and pious. They should be God-fearing men, like Mr. Baer, who frankly admits himself to be a divinely appointed trustee of the eastern Pennsylvania fields. But while the government is trying to make coal settlers honest, the Alaska people are needing the coal, and coal is being shipped into Alaska from foreign countries and from the United States. It is with hesitation that one questions the wisdom of Gifford Pinchot and his conservationists. But the question does arise, who is profiting this winter, and who will profit next winter, by the locking up of the Alaska coal mines? With the latter in operation this entire Pacific coast might enjoy cheap fuel. When the Panama canal is opened the whole nation could be supplied with coal at an astonishingly low price.

The opening of those mines in Alaska would probably mean more for the industrial development of that territory than its entire gold output has meant, thus far. Alaska coal will ultimately be carried all over the world.

Who can urge any honest argument against the plea of the governor of Alaska that the conserved coal fields be leased to operators at once? Let the government retain ownership of the land, but let it not retard coal production. These lands should be leased at such terms as to make it an inducement for capital to take hold at once and begin their development. Alaska needs the coal, the Pacific coast needs it. The entire world will buy it. Leased at fair terms, the government might soon reap a big revenue from these mines. If the government were run for the whole people, for the consumer, it would hasten to have or permit these mines to be worked at their fullest capacity. There is no federal revenue from the eastern coal mines. These belong to God and to Mr. Baer and his associates, and the people have no interest in them.

SHIP SUBSIDY FALLACY EXPOSED

SHIP subsidy grabbers see necessity for quick action. Through Representative Humphrey, who seems to be the inspired spokesman for the beneficiaries, the country is urged to get behind congress at the short session, to the end that a measure may be passed "in aid of American shipping." Sounds well, doesn't it? After next March the Democrats will control the house and from that party, of course, no favors of this nature may be expected. But with President Taft openly supporting the grab, there is large hope, unless, indeed, the present minority, assisted by the insurgents, can succeed in talking the bill to death.

Curious and amazing is it that Mr. Taft fails to feel the public pulse in regard to this projected legislation. One would think that the severe drubbing the standpat Republicans received in the recent elections would have taught them discretion, if not wisdom. Yet here they are, almost before the official returns are in, planning how further to mulct the taxpayers to benefit a privileged few. Far from building up the American merchant marine, ship subsidies would merely impose an additional burden on the masses without honestly adding one vessel to the fleet flying the stars and stripes. You might load all the ships with subsidies until their decks were awash and then benefit the public nothing, so far as lowering ocean freight rates or materially restoring the merchant marine to the place it occupied on the high seas fifty years ago, or when the Walker low tariff was in operation.

What is needed much more than ship subsidies is amendment of the restrictive navigation laws, under which the American shipowner now staggers, hopelessly handicapped in competition with foreign-built vessels. American shipping has been forced into dry docks, there to rot, by the obnoxious laws that inhibit foreign-built ships from flying the American flag or at least all that would engage in the coastwise service; which compels American owners to send their ships to foreign ports under British registry, because, having been built abroad at one-half the cost demanded in this country, thanks to the pernicious tariff, they may not engage in profitable trade over here.

Germany has the correct idea. Intelligent subsidy, plus an open market for all materials entering into the construction of merchant ships, have aided in placing her flag in all the ports of the world. Without this exemption of construction material from tariff charges, no matter how large the government bonus, the merchant marine cannot flourish. A few special interest would wax rich, but the general conditions, affecting the American shipping, would remain the same. Unless the exemption we advocate, and have long

advocated, is granted, to pass a ship subsidy law is simply to double the taxation burden borne by the people.

In effect, the ship owners are estopped from competing in the open market, because of the excessive cost of materials, due to the high tariffs. Only the manufacturers are benefited by these duties, not the people at large; they merely foot the bills. Steel, for example, that requires no protection, gets the major share of the plunder. The theory that the tariff is for the protection of the workingman is a joke. They get about 5 per cent of the "protection," the other 95 per cent goes into the pockets of their employers. In the end their 5 per cent of protection avails them nothing, since their higher cost of living more than wipes out this little advantage they have over the artisans of Europe.

But having protected the manufacturers, who doesn't need it, and is not entitled to it, the shipowner, who because of this unwarranted high tariff cannot carry on his business so as to yield a legitimate profit, is to be profited illegitimately by means of a fat subsidy, which the taxpayer, not in the shipping trade, must provide. Thus he is given the double-cross. Having been mulcted for "protecting" the steel interests, unnecessarily, President Taft would now compel him to make good to the shipowner what the protective duties are costing him to enjoy American registry for his vessels. No wonder a Democratic congress has supplanted the standpat Republicans who meekly yielded to the demands of the leaders of this iniquitous system.

PACIFYING THE PHILIPPINES

AMERICANS should not vaunt themselves too highly on the Philippine census showing. A twenty-five per cent decrease of population in ten years of American rule is not so bad, of course, but these things must be judged relatively. If we are going to hold up our heads in pride of killing prowess and claim to be better and quicker slayers of "inferior races" than our revered forefathers of colonial days, we must take into account our increased facilities for murder. Our noble ancestors had but short-range rifles and shot guns, and often were compelled to face a foe single-handed with sword or ax. Our Mauser rifles of today enable our gallant boys in blue to pick 'em off at a distance. Our glorious field artillery is wondrously efficient when it gets in action. A cavalry troop driving a band of natives up against two Gatling guns—why, it is like pressing a button! You have killed a few thousand before breakfast of a morning, and there is time in the afternoon and evening for attending divine services and offering up prayers of thankfulness.

Think how different it was in the early days! Our Puritan forefathers often had to miss church, or evening prayers, for the paltry joy of killing a mere dozen redskins. Then, too, our forefathers had to contend with such troublesome white folks as William Penn, Roger Williams, and others who objected to killing Indians and often were successful for many years in getting the natives to remain peaceful and forgiving in the face of the noble white man's haughty robberies. These were squeamish folk who retarded the path of true progress, which is that the white man shall exterminate all other races, of course. There was land enough in America for all the Indians and the entire population of Europe besides, but the white man's mental and religious world is not big enough for himself and his feet. However, there were no such mawkish hindering agencies to contend with in the Philippines. In William Penn's day the people were not fully civilized. But now that civilization has clutched in its cold and metallic hand the least and lowest white man, the march of progress is greatly accelerated.

So, after all, we should not be too proud of that

twenty-five per cent decrease. What if it is several hundred per cent ahead of the Puritans' record? We had the tools to do it with. Of course, the islands had to be pacified. All islands in the Pacific ocean must be pacified. It is evolutionary. And Gatling guns are great pacifiers. It is a positive fact that mile-long trenches of dead natives are peaceful. Not all the trenches were a mile long, of course, but there were many trenches. And not all the natives were killed: only twenty-five per cent, and the birth rate is pretty rapid down there under the equator. It will probably take thirty years yet wholly to pacify the Philippines.

HUE AND CRY AGAINST RAILROADS

THERE is only one man who cannot run a newspaper or a magazine, and he is the man who happens to be running it. The phenomenon is well attested, as every editor or publisher knows to his sore annoyance, and it would seem now to have its analogue in the case of railroad management. For many days witnesses who do not happen to be in charge of railroads have been telling the interstate commerce commission that not one of the railroads is properly or economically administered. Moreover, they have had facts and figures to prove it, galore. One witness called upon the commission to make a personal investigation of railroad management, and see for itself how improperly the railroads were conducted.

That was a good suggestion, but here is a better one: That while the interstate commerce commission is investigating railroad management, congress shall appoint a committee to see that the investigation is properly investigated. A committee of lawyers should be chosen for this work. Then a committee of politicians should be invoked to investigate the investigating committee of investigating commissioners. Nor is there any particular reason why the investigating should stop at this point. Let it go on till doomsday. The people are rich and have nothing else to do with their money but pay investigating committees.

All this pother about the railroads is as silly and inane as a foreign war. So long as railroads are conducted for private profit, naturally, the best brains of the nation will be engaged in making that profit as large as possible and in keeping operating expenses down to the minimum. All the laws about common carriers and rates will amount to nothing more than fees for lawyers, law-makers and lawbreakers. That is the rule of the game. It is the rule of the shopkeeper, the department store, the bank, the church, and the circus. It is also the rule of draw poker, of daily life, and of the jungle. It is a savage, antiquated, vicious rule, but so long as the people please to keep it in vogue, it is neither profitable nor decent to kick at the winners.

As a rule, probably the railroads of the country are more economically and scientifically conducted than any other branch of industry, but they are operated, primarily, not to serve the people, but to make profits for those who own them—just as a grocery store is run, or a restaurant, or any other institution under the "civilized" sun. Private profit is the rule of life. It ought not to be, it need not be, and it will not always be. But today it is. All this rate legislation leads to nothing more than entanglement. Half the people, perhaps all of them, who battle so loudly for low rates are themselves engaged in getting all they can out of the consumer. Perhaps they do not get so much as the railroads, but that is their weakness and not their strength. They would if they could. Only selfish motives actuate them.

Men who seriously care for human welfare have no time to bother about common carrier laws and differential tariff sheets. They are dreamers, of course, but their dream will come true. It is the inevitable trend of the whole profit system that sooner or later the few strongest shall have everything. Rockefeller, Morgan and three or four others in the United States, could no more stop the steady stream of human blood and sweat and toil (called money) that now flows into their coffers than they could still the tides of ocean. It comes to them by the same inevitable law of cause and effect by which the tides are leavened

and depressed. If every congressman and every legislator in the land where a saint for virtue and a sage for wisdom, and the present idea of human effort for private profit still continued, that stream would continue to flow toward Wall street. Petty reformers and baiters of "rich malefactors" to the contrary, notwithstanding, it is not a question of private morality, and it is not a question of social conditions. Unlike the tides, these social conditions are amenable to human intelligence and can be reversed, expunged, changed, whenever society is virtuous and intelligent enough to make the change.

Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, late president of Princeton, proposes to "moralize business." That sounds like Roosevelt—and it is only sound. Business, means to get all you can and give as little as you can, and not even the genii of Aladdin's lamp could inject morality into such a principle. It is essentially brutish and immoral, and—here is hope, indeed—it is ceasing to have survival value, and is therefore doomed. Before the day of railroads, when lands were far apart and merchants went on long journeys to exchange products, the principle was of positive utilitarian value. The railroads have done more than any other single agency since the printing press was established to civilize the world and make possible the dream of production for welfare instead of for profit. They have increased the standard of human proficiency as nothing else has. The hue and cry against railroads today is largely a matter of political buncombe, and when not that it is actuated by selfish interests.

Actual radicals, they who would really change things and care nothing about private emoluments and the offices, make no fine discriminations between common carriers and common grocers. It is the system they are after, the big dragon that blocks the pathway of all human feet to the promised land that lies "just beyond." The dragon has been dead for a century or more and the people who exhaust their lives inventing sticky papers to catch the flies that breed on the carcass are almost as numerous as the flies.

SCARING THEMSELVES TO DEATH

WHY all this fear and trembling over a foreign foe? Where is the foreign foe that dare attack the United States? Where is one who wants to attack us? Who could possibly gain the price of a last-year's battleship by attacking us? There are just two guesses on all this war-preparedness talk of Gen. Leonard Wood, and all this Pacific Coast battleship fleet agitation at San Francisco. It is either that we have degenerated into a race of cowards, or else that the army and navy men tell untruths when they say we need a great army and navy and their real interest is wantonly financial.

Major-General Wood paints a gloomy picture of our army's weakness in his annual report. There is a serious shortage of field artillery and ammunition, "a fault that should be corrected immediately!" he declares. Another "immediate necessity" is 610 officers. Still another is the creation of a reserve army corps of 300,000 men. The governor and senators and congressmen and a host of prominent citizens and leading financiers have just been holding a convention at San Francisco to awaken the nation to the dire necessity of immediately fortifying the entire Pacific coast and of stationing a billion dollars' worth of battleships out on these Pacific shores.

Of what are the gentlemen afraid? Who wants to steal us? Where is the foreign foe? Though the latter stood at the gates of your city, gentlemen and patriots, be not afraid. We can die but once. All have to die in good time anyway. Surely, to die by a foeman's hand is a much finer mode than to go to decay among one's money chests. Not 300,000, but a million men will rush to any seaport in a few days' notice to repel an invading foe. General Wood, sleep soundly, gallant soldier, no foreign enemy shall carry you off into captivity. After a hundred years of peace with the outside world, what can it be that we fear so now? This fear is a dreadful thing. It is vampirizing the life-blood of the nation. Millions of children go hungry and barefoot and illy-clad so that we can build battleships and keep

a hundred thousand men and their officers in elegant unproductive idleness, all because of this terrible fear that obsesses our army.

Time was when soldiers were brave men who feared no foe and laughed in the teeth of death. Now they appear to be our national cowards. Their alarms ring out on the peaceful air whenever there is a chance to get a scare-head "story" in the newspapers. Fear, fear, is their only song. They live in terror—of what? Who can say what awful fantasies play in the mind of a soldier who plys his trade by filling a peaceful land with cries of fear? It will scarcely do to accuse our warriors of monetary considerations. The soldier is like the cleric, beyond the taint of gold. Neither the army nor the church can be swayed by the petty commercial considerations that play such sad havoc with the lives of the laymen. They stand aloof from the struggles of trade. One has his sword, the other the cross—while the remainder live and die for mere dross.

So it must be fear, if it is not a desire to live in riotous luxury on the taxes wrung from the people, which actuates our modern warriors. Our brave soldiers should read Emerson's essay on "Fate," in which he says: "On two days it stands thee not to flee from death, on the appointed and on the unappointed days." On the unappointed day nothing can harm you, General Wood. And all the vast armies of Hessians that the ancient and modern civilizations have witnessed cannot save you from death on the appointed day. Rest content, therefore. Still your troubled soul with a novel of the olden days of carnage. The people are not worrying about a foreign foe. They are busy earning toll for the lords of the land.

There will be wars in this land yet before this civilization closes (to give room for a better one) no doubt, but the trained soldiers will play a small part in it. The whole profession of arms is doomed to extinction, for no longer, in this western world, has the profession of arms the slightest survival value. This is an intellectual era. Ideas are the only things that really count now. The plums of all civilization can be reached only by mental activity. Modern society's premiums are all for brains. Even prize fighting is going out, and it never counted for more than an occasional pastime. The peculiar shade of mental activities rewarded by society just at present is not of an exalted kind, but that is no matter. Cunning and deceit themselves are mental faculties. Modern society has nicer and daintier ways of killing than by the sword and cannon ball. War, as an art, is doomed. The law of natural selection is attending to that. As for the warriors, they are not waiting to be deleted out of the human scheme by the process of selection. They are scaring themselves to death. They always were an impatient set.

GRAPHITES

Japan is becoming westernized at a startling pace. Dr. Denjiro Kotoku, his wife and twenty-four others are to be executed for spreading socialistic literature. This condemnation, it appears, was secured by an extra judicial proceeding, the accused being haled before a court especially created to try their case. Plotting against the Mikado's life was the charge preferred, but liberal Japanese declare there never was such a plot, nor could have been. So far as Dr. Kotoku is concerned, it does not sound reasonable to accuse him of attempted assassination, for his doctrines and his lifelong teachings have been precisely the reverse. He has been an intellectual leader and student of sociology for many years, and is well known among liberals in all parts of the world. He has translated the works of Marx, Tolstoy, Henry George, Kropotkin and Bakunin, and impoverished himself in their dissemination. Those who know Dr. Kotoku and his estimable and remarkably intellectual wife, readily defend him against any possible charge of violence. He inclined a great deal toward Tolstoy's teachings, which are radically opposed to all violence. Only the maddened, the insane and the nihilists of Russia with terrible cause behind them, are ever so foolish as to suppose that any good can result from violence. Japanese liberals are loud in their denunciation of the government's policy in this matter. If it carries out its program of murdering these twenty-six liberals, guilty or innocent though they may be, it will only be to create twenty-six more martyrs to the liberal cause, which is spreading throughout the world. If

Japan fancies she can adopt the western commercial ideas and escape the western spirit of liberalism, the island kingdom has another guess coming. If the emperor fancies his throne can be protected by murder, he will learn differently as many another monarch has well learned. Americans like to think of the Mikado as a benevolent, paternal monarch, for whose overthrow it would be unwise to wish. But if he is only the same old sort of tyrant that other monarchs have been, and in one or two instances still are, perhaps it were better that the twenty-six liberals should die. Liberal blood is a mighty argument in the worldwide battle for human freedom.

It is said that crowds kneeled and prayed in the streets of Newark the other day, when the factory girls were leaping from windows of the burning building. If those praying ones had gone directly home and turned their faces to the wall awhile and did good, hard thinking on the problem of how to make such another disaster absolutely impossible, whatever gods there be who hear prayers would have been better pleased. Spectacular antics are easy under excitement, and of little worth. Deep and true sympathy for human suffering takes other forms than praying in the street, or on the housetops. A little less emotionalism and a little—O, not a little, but a great deal more—fervent feeling for the sufferings of others would remedy a few of these terrible disasters—before they happen.

Because The Graphic argues that the penal code does not prevent crime, but merely punishes criminals, is not to say that we would let malefactors go scot free. Our contention is that punishment should precede offense in order to deter its commission, to be strictly logical. So long as society remains as it is, we must do the best we can with the deterrent agencies provided to discourage crime. That they don't do it now, but merely inflict revenge, is not to be refuted. We acknowledge the pleasant jibes of Editor Harbison of the Sun, who finds apparent inconsistency between our protest against existing conditions and a pious wish to see Abraham Ruef behind penitentiary bars, and can only explain the hiatus by the faults of the system.

Commenting on southern violence the New York Evening Post says: "Here in the north, too, the failure to apply laws justly and fairly to all breeds contempt for all authority." By "law" the Post means "punishment," of course, for it is talking about those who escape punishment by bribery or by political interference. But how can the penalty of a human statute be administered fairly and justly to all? One man steals because he needs food, another steals to obtain wanton luxuries. Is it just to punish both in the same way? One man has a full capacity brain and another has a lobe missing from his brain. Is it fair to punish them alike for the same offense? One man succumbs to temptation only after years of heroic struggle against it; another wantonly embraces the first opportunity to steal? Can they be punished out of the same book with justice? Would not justice demand that the penalties of the law be adjusted to the differences of the individuals? Is it not true that the law is unjust at every point, and that our only rational excuse for law is to protect society? Is not the word justice in connection with the penal code nothing more than hypocritical cant? Of course, the penal law never has been administered fairly, even when its officers meant that it should be. Its penalties do not fall impartially upon the guilty. They fall only upon those who are caught. It is not guilt that sends men to prison, but being found out. Are those in prison any guiltier than those outside of prison? Let him who is without guilt cast the stone.

While it may be a noble thing to legislate for posterity, it is still a nobler thing to legislate wisely for the whole people of the present generation. There seem to be many statesmen just now who know all about the needs of the future, but lack information about the needs of the present. The difference between a congressman with a bill for future generations and the astrologer with a horoscope for future occurrences is a difference in degree rather than kind. In Chicago there are a hundred thousand babies with insufficient food. Hull House is trying to care for them with charity. It is quite likely that the descendants of these 100,000 half-starved children will need hospitals or penitentiaries more than any of the things with which future-discounting lawmakers are now bent on conferring. If today is lived wisely, we can afford to take risks on tomorrow. A happy, prosperous, wellfed and

unhectored free people would be a pretty good heritage for the future. If we could stop starvation, insanity, degeneracy, child labor and the terrible dread of poverty now, we could wait on the future with serenity. The salvation of generations yet to come must be begun with their grandparents, or it is futile.

GRAPHICALITIES

Even so serious, sedate and dignified a body as the German reichstag must have its silly season, it appears. November 26, instant, it took a mental holiday, and discussed the "divine sanction of the kaiser." The chamber met two hours earlier than usual, the galleries were crowded, and (probably) the band played ragtime. There were keen hits. Thus, the Socialist leader, Herr Ledebour, remarked that "none of our opponents plows so thoroughly the soil wherein social democratic seed is sown as Emperor William." The chancellor of the empire tossed the ball way over the home plate with the remark that in this day of democratic tendency it was quite proper for the kaiser to emphasize his consciousness of the fact that he was in nowise a servant of the people, but their God-appointed sovereign ruler. It is said to have been a most enjoyable affair throughout the entire program.

Of course the high cost of living is due to the fact that the people are no longer saving and economical "like they used to be." It is easily explained on that ground. You see, if people save their money they have more to spend and if they spend it they have less saved. When the latter is true it makes hard times. But if they save their money then the merchants make more sales and times are good. Of course, if people fail to buy things with their money, trade is better and the cost of living is not so great. If this explanation does not suit your fancy, take the same set of words and juggle them around in another way. The Wall Street Journal guarantees they will solve the problem if properly adjusted.

It is said that Maeterlinck has been offered a seat in the French Academy if he will foreswear his native Belgian allegiance and become a citizen of France. But, though the French tongue has been the medium through which Maeterlinck has spoken to the world, he has clung to his native citizenship, and probably will do so to the end. The French Academy could only honor itself by electing the symbolic dramatist. "Mona Vanna," "Sister Beatrice," "The Blind," "Pellias and Mellisande," "The Blue Bird," "The Bees" and half a dozen other masterpieces in their own unique field—these are honors enough for his years, and he is young yet.

That is good advice of J. J. Hill, to build fewer battleships and spend the money in agricultural schools. It is good both ways. Not only are battleships unnecessary, but agricultural schools are sorely needed. The average farmer has little notion of or inclination for scientific methods, and yet of all places the farm and the orchard have need of the best scientific methods. Farmers study to get the best out of their lands, but they have few facilities for keeping informed on the swift and important changes in science. Farming schools would pay the nation bigger dividends than battleships. Mr. Hill usually does say something when he talks.

Germany will finance the Turkish loan that has gone begging so long. Perhaps the young Turk reasoned that Germany, being nearer to the social revolution than any other nation of Europe, would be the safest banker. Perhaps it was merely a case of Thanksgiving Day observance on the part of Germany. But the young Turk may cause indigestion. He's an older bird than he looks.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

FEW had suspected that either Governor-elect Hiram W. Johnson or Mayor Patrick H. McCarthy suffered from a shrinking, sensitive native. Yet both have revealed themselves within the last few days as peculiarly averse to certain forms of publicity. The governor-elect surprised no one when he shrank into his shell at the appearance of power and job chasers. Numerous gentlemen who did so much to aid Johnson's canvass have found the ante-room to his law office forbiddingly frigid. Beyond a hint that he intends to install a very superior sort of untrammelled manhood in the various positions under his patronage and that he expects citizens of high degree to make personal sacrifices for the service of the state, after his own lofty example,

the governor-elect has refused to give either of these seekers or counselors any satisfaction.

* * *

But this is only prefatory to the two actions of Governor-elect Johnson which have mildly startled the quidnuncs. For the special mission now on its way to Washington to coax congress to give its official sanction to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the directors, properly enough, had made adequate provision. None of the delegates was supposed to pay his own traveling expenses. Transportation, reservations in Pullmans and at hotels, and all necessary accommodations for every member of the delegation had been carefully arranged. In due form these credentials were politely forwarded to his excellency-to-be. But Mr. Johnson would have none of them. With transcendent scruple, Mr. Johnson returned the credentials, expressing his intention to travel apart from the remainder of the delegates and to pay his own way. In whatever spirit the governor-elect decided on this exclusive and independent course, it has not been regarded as gracious. Inevitably, he has estranged himself from the other members of the delegation and so has detracted from his own usefulness and crashed a discord upon the harmony of the mission. In plainer terms, the governor-elect has said to the other distinguished citizens bound for Washington: "I intend to play a lone hand. No team work for me. And, moreover, I don't choose to be under any obligations to anyone, not even to the city of San Francisco. I'll go my own way and pay it." What further altitudes of independence our esoteric governor-elect hopes to aviate, none dares foretell.

* * *

San Franciscans had hardly recovered from this blow from Mr. Johnson when Sacramentans were perturbed by the governor-elect's missive announcing that he had no intention of gracing the inaugural ball with his presence. And without "regrets." In fact, he did not wait for an invitation, but noticing that preparations were being made for the time-honored event, he warned the committee that the inaugural ball, if given, would be without the inaugurated governor. Other governors may have been bored by the Sacramento festivity, but at least endured it for the sake of tradition and the Sacramentans' feelings. Not so his excellency-to-be.

* * *

Certain it is that Mr. Johnson intends to plough his own furrow, and neither precedent nor anybody else's opinion will be permitted to block his way. There will be no use for anything or anybody that the next governor has no use for. The gentlemen who have been dreaming of proud positions and dazzling uniforms on Governor Johnson's staff may just as well abandon hope. Gold lace and a good many other things will be heavily discounted after January 4.

* * *

But Mr. Johnson has not been permitted to monopolize public attention. Last Saturday, Mayor Patrick H. McCarthy created a diversion by demonstrating that he is still on earth. His honor is no tyro at the publicity game, and is reinforced by a private secretary who, having formerly adorned the newspaper profession, can pound a typewriter and drain the dictionary to beat the band. If Secretary Leffingwell suffers from cacoethes scribendi, the mayor has contracted the complaint of cacoethes excusandi. Possibly ignorant of the French adage, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," P. H. has floundered into print and the grand jury room with elaborate protestations of his official and personal integrity. Always with his ear to the ground and "looking for trouble," P. H. has dignified the idle tales and bar-room banter, from which few municipal officials can hope for immunity. The exquisite sensibilities of Mr. McCarthy have been sorely wounded by such irresponsible gossip.

* * *

He seems to have selected half a dozen or so innocent citizens as tale-bearers, and has demanded that the grand jury interrogate them and the tales they have told or heard. Several of them, at all events, had heard these tales and had even undertaken to assist the mayor in an endeavor to trace them to their source. But P. H. could not wait. The excitement of crowning a king and queen of North Beach for the Thanksgiving festivities in the Italian quarter was insufficient. His honor thirsted for new sensations and the center of the stage. At the present writing it does not seem likely that the grand jury will waste much time over the mayor's latest exuberance. Rumor is an elusive thing, and if the mayor himself can't keep up with it, the grand jurors have little chance of catching it.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, November 29, 1910.

WILLIS BOOTH OUTLINES CHINA TRIP

IN ACCORDANCE with a promise made to The Graphic before he left Los Angeles, Willis H. Booth, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, whose representatives have been on a commercial commission to China, writes from Hong Kong, under date of October 28, that he does not know of any two months of his life that have been so entirely occupied as those dating from August 23, when he left San Francisco, until the labors of the commission were completed, October 26, at Canton. "In all that time," he writes, "we have had absolutely perfect weather, which has made it possible for us to keep going rapidly. The twenty-five men and seventeen women of the party have been in good health during the entire trip, and this has been no small gratification to all.

"Our trip to Shanghai was uneventful, except that we received a most enthusiastic reception the day we were in Honolulu, and were proffered receptions and entertainments galore in Japan, which, of course, under the nature of our errand we could not accept. Our commission had daily sessions on the voyage over, a complete library of books on China had been brought along, and the time was employed with immense profit in discussion of matters pertaining to the commerce of China, and in fortifying the commissioners individually, so that inquiries could be pursued intelligently and quickly. This preparation on the boat proved of immense value while on Chinese soil, and the commission is satisfied that the vast fund of information which it has been able to compile is much more accurate in character and much more intelligently developed than it could possibly have been on anything short of careful preparation.

"When we arrived at Shanghai, September 16, our errand began in earnest, and continued with intense activity thereafter. The Chinese government, officially, has done everything that a nation could do to make our visit pleasurable and profitable. Large commercial organizations in every city have entered into the spirit of the errand, and while they have always manifested an unstinted hospitality, they have at the same time worked hard with us to reach a true judgment on economic and business conditions.

"From Shanghai we made a two days' excursion to Hangchow, which was in very truth an expedition into the enemy's country. It is a large city, a hundred miles south of Shanghai, the headquarters of the governor of Chekiang province, and the hot-bed of anti-foreign sentiment. After the dinner given by the governor on the night of our arrival, which was our first big official dinner, the sentiment throughout the district seemed to change, and the next day, when we were escorted by the governor to see the famous Hangchow Bore, we were greeted everywhere with a most enthusiastic friendly demonstration. The Hangchow Bore is a most remarkable sight. The river is absolutely placid up to the moment when the Bore, which is nothing but a rapidly ascending tide, is due to arrive. When due, you can see it approaching like a great wall of water imposed upon the surface of the stream. As a great, big rolling wave, it rushes on, spending itself gradually as it ascends the river. Judging from the coil of water at the bank before and after the ascent of the Bore, the height of the onward marching column of water must have been about ten feet.

"Returning to Shanghai, every small station from Hangchow was most elaborately decorated with Chinese lanterns and many thousands of people were at every station to greet us. A Chinese crowd is a most unusual sight; without hats, their faces crowd very closely together, and viewed from the rear platform of a train, the features looking up at you, closely huddled together, remind one of nothing so much as a large sea paved with human faces. In the dim glare of a poorly lighted station you can imagine what an odd sight it is. The entertainment at all of the cities has been, of a necessity, somewhat similar in character, and I am enclosing you herewith the newspaper clippings telling of the entertainment at Canton, which will give you an idea of the immensely elaborate hospitality with which we have been favored, and it has been everywhere on exactly the same large scale.

"At Peking, where we were chaperoned by our minister, Mr. Calhoun, the entertainment was particularly gracious. In addition to an audience with his highness, the prince regent, which was most enjoyable, we were conducted through all the secret intricacies of the forbidden city, winter palace and summer palace, besides being wined and dined to the limit of our physical endurance.

"From Shanghai we went to Nanking, where

the Chinese government is holding its first great exposition. This is, of necessity, rather crude, but shows an immense amount of hard work and will have a potent effect in bringing the manufacturers of China together. A trip of seven hundred miles up the Yangtze river to the great manufacturing city of Hankow, carried us through one of the greatest agricultural and mineral belts of China. At Hankow is located an enormous steel mill, equipped with the very latest machinery and now supplying steel rails to the railroads of China. From Hankow the Hankow & Peking Railway Company took us Peking; thence we journeyed by rail south to Tien Tsin and by water from Tien Tsin to Canton, visiting the cities of Chefoo, Foochow and Amoy.

"At every city visited we have had long conferences with the merchants and the United States consuls covering trade conditions, and we are satisfied that the information elicited will be of great importance to the manufacturing interests of the United States. We were surprised to find the great number of active, competent and aggressive men which our government has in the consular service in China. Most of them speak the language fluently and are in close touch with conditions, have the great respect of the Chinese people and are in every way a credit to our government.

On the whole, the expedition has in every way exceeded—both in the nature of the reception and in the positive results accomplished—anything that any of us had contemplated at the start. The hospitality of our hosts has been positively regal. We have been honored with dinners by five of the nine viceroys of the empire, besides a large number of governors and taotais. We have been showered with presents and every member of the party has been obliged to get extra trunks to take care of them. We have carefully avoided being led into any discussions of a political character, but there can be no question that China looks upon America as her nearest and truest friend, and will do all that she can to promote harmonious relations, both commercial and political.

"On every hand we hear the statement made by Chinese and Europeans here that Manila is destined to be the great distributing center for the far east, and it is even now willingly accorded first place among the modern cities of the orient. We leave for Manila in a day or two and will study conditions there as thoroughly as we possibly can, to the end that we may be able to form a proper judgment as to the proportion of things and the bearing which our position in the Philippines has to the general business situation in the far east.

"We should be home, barring delays, in the early part of December, thoroughly enthusiastic over the results of our errand, but firmly convinced that there is only one place in the world to live—and I leave you to guess where that is." Mr. Booth closes his interesting letter with kind regards to all inquiring friends.

SOCIALISM SEEN IN "ELECTRICITY"

MARIE DORO in "Electricity" has just completed an engagement at the Lyceum. She is a sprightly little creature, charmingly inconsequential. In constructing the play for her, Mr. William Gillette has used his knowledge of stage craft to furnish a very effective background for her particular metier. The play, however, is too slight for three acts. Like many other plays this season, it would have been infinitely more attractive if it had been reduced to the compass of two acts, and if a contrasting playlet had been added to the bill to fill out the evening. The first two acts are delightfully funny, but the situation is too easily unravelled to admit of devoting the whole of a third act to it. Especially as in this act there is a repetition of the spirit of the fun that made the charm of the preceding acts. The scene of the first and third acts is laid in the dismantled drawing room of Mr. Twimbly, who, according to the program, is at the head of a corrupt corporation. By the light of a lantern we see that in the corner of the room a hole has been cut in the floor. An electrician, Bill, and his helper, are busy making an electrical connection for the new wing. Bill shouts his orders and the helper executes them with a laconic, "Right y'are." A temporary wire is installed for the night, and the lights flash up in the chandelier.

Bill and his helper are typical workmen, and they start the play off with excellent goodwill. Mr. Twimbly seems a strangely ineffective, boisterous person to figure as a power in the financial world; one fears that if he does not manage his subordinates with better success than he does his son and daughter, corporation affairs will

be in a sad mess in no time. But that is a detail with which the play is not concerned. It is necessary for its health to have his opinions of little moment, and he serves the playwright's purpose admirably. The son, Sam, has a college chum, James Hollenden, who is immensely wealthy and in love with the daughter, Emeline. Both father and son are anxious to have the two young persons marry, but Emeline has developed a fad for socialistic ideas, and they are afraid she will send the lover about his business if he presents himself for consideration before she drops her socialism for something more diverting.

* * *

But the young man, tired of kicking his heels on the street corners in an effort to catch a sight of his innamorata, determines to take matters into his own hands. He comes to the house to see her, but hidden in a corner of the room, out of sight, he overhears Emeline express her socialistic sentiments, and realizes the hopelessness of trying to get her to consent to marry a man who does not earn his living. The presence of the electricians suggests the bright idea of impersonating a working man. He secures Bill's hat and coat, and young Twimbly undertakes to keep the two workmen away from the shop until Hollenden has pushed his suit to a happy conclusion. It is a slender thread, but it tangles up very nice little snarls. The first thing Hollenden does is to burn out the fuse, so that the temporary wire is of no use. The lights go out, and for three days the irate Twimbly must put up with candles. Emeline's socialistic principles, as she enunciates them, are entirely unanswerable. Mr. Gillette may or may not be a Socialist, but he manages to get in astonishingly good propaganda. A young friend from across the street is in the toils over her marriage with a titled foreigner. Under Emeline's tutelage she sends him about his business. She thinks the game delightful until he goes "far, far away to the Waldorf," when Emeline decides that the human heart must be considered and that the only thing to do is to send for him to come back.

* * *

They are like two butterflies, frisking about the stage, delightfully young, care free and picturesque. Emeline does not think it is exactly right to live on money that her father "has taken from the working man," so she tries "to find a position," but as she goes clad in sables in an auto, with a maid, and gives her own name and Fifth avenue address, her search is not successful. In her dilemma she appeals to Bill to help her find a job. Hollenden, in the guise of Bill, is so delightfully sympathetic that Emeline decides to bestow her heart and hand upon him without delay. The next day, therefore, she calls on Bill's mother in the Bronx, in company with her friend, Ruth. Bill's mother is distracted. For two nights her steady son did not come home, then he came the worse for wear, closely attended by a helper, vacant of face and unsteady of legs, and Sam Twimbly. Drunk and irresistibly funny, they depart with a small bundle of clothing. Then comes Emeline, with her naive disclosures, very bewildering to the mother and Jennie Parks, Bill's fiancée. The arrival of Mr. Twimbly puts an abrupt ending to the call and provides an opportunity for Bill's father to speak his mind to the capitalist, and for Emeline, to his utter astonishment and her father's chagrin, to uphold his sentiments. The mother is beautifully portrayed by that delightful old veteran, Mrs. Whiffen, whose face seems built to express vague trouble and bewilderment, and Bill and the helper are worth going far to see.

* * *

In the third act the mother and Jennie come to the house to impress upon Emeline Jennie's existence. The former sends for the supposed Bill, and in the mother's presence bids him a tearful and affectionate farewell. The mother's attitude of mind is exactly what it was in the preceding act. A second scene of the same kind does not double but dilutes the impression of fun. Bill, the helper, and Sam Twimbly enter as Emeline leaves the room. Bill and his assistant are in exactly the same dazed state that they were in in the preceding act, so we have another scene repeated and another bit of fun diluted. Of course, Bill, his mother and Jennie leave the house together, more or less relieved in their minds, and all that is left is for Hollenden humbly to beg Emeline's pardon and for her to fall into his arms. She will marry him, she says, as soon as he will earn the money for them to live on. He assures her that he will open a shop with Bill's assistance. And the curtain falls with everybody happy.

* * *

Miss Doro is a delightful little person. Her inconsequential, meaningless gestures are exactly

indicative of the vague state of mind of a person who has grasped a few catch phrases without any real understanding of their meaning. She wears magnificent gowns and she manages to move more gracefully about the stage in the narrow skirts than any actress I have seen this season. The play is exceptionally well cast. Every part is adequately played, but a special word should be said for Allan Fawcett. As the helper, he had very few lines, but he turned what might have been a bit into a very enjoyable piece of acting by the excellent control of his facial expression and by the expression of his lips. One of the most interesting things about the play is the handling of socialist doctrines in such a way that the audience never feels that it is being preached at. Emeline is never quite able to say adequately what she feels—she is always reduced to a vague gesture and a triumphant, "Well, there you are!" But she manages to say enough to start a train of thought. The play is thus able to accomplish more than if its purpose were avowedly serious.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, November 28, 1910.

More Light on State Patronage

From Sacramento an occasional correspondent writes, calling attention to the fact that The Graphic's list of Southern California patronage published last week as being at the disposal of Governor-elect Hiram A. Johnson, was incomplete. Jacob Sorease, the colored messenger in the governor's office, is a Los Angeles appointee, having been taken north by Governor Gage, when the latter first assumed his duties twelve years ago. He has held the place ever since, and as the pay of the position is \$1500 a year, it is not unlikely that he may find plenty of competition. Col. Arthur W. Bradbury, assistant adjutant general, also is a Los Angeleno, who owes his position to Gen. H. G. Otis, on whose staff he served in the Philippines. If he is retained, it will be a political miracle, although I am told that Colonel Bradbury is a most capable public servant. Lewis E. Aubury, state mineralogist, also hails from Los Angeles. His office being desirable, he probably will have to give way. J. W. Jeffrey, at one time a country editor from this section, was given the appointment of state horticultural commissioner, at the instance of the Times, whose fruit column he edited in a most intelligent manner. Then, too, there is "Jake" Transue, former assemblyman from this city, who, with Albert Lindley, is a state building and loan commissioner. As Transue secured his position through Walter Parker, his chances for retention are slight. I understand, in fact, that he and Lindley both filed their resignations several months ago. Frank T. Barnes, formerly of the lamented Evening News, is the first Los Angeleno to be recognized by any of the recently-elected state officials. He has accepted, at the hands of Frank A. Jordan, the newly-elected secretary of state, a position as certificate clerk, that will pay him \$150 a month.

Plum for a Local Attorney

Just what particular Los Angeles attorney is to be appointed a member of the new court of commerce, is a conundrum that is keeping lawyers generally guessing at this time. Senator Flint has wired home asking certain members of the local bar to unite in support of one of their number whom he can recommend to the consideration of President Taft. It is understood that attorneys with Lincoln-Roosevelt affiliations are not barred. The position will pay \$7,500 a year.

Restitution

In youth's bright golden morning,
When earth was at its best,
I mounted on life's palfrey,
And rode into the West,
And at every inn by the wayside,
I was a welcome guest.

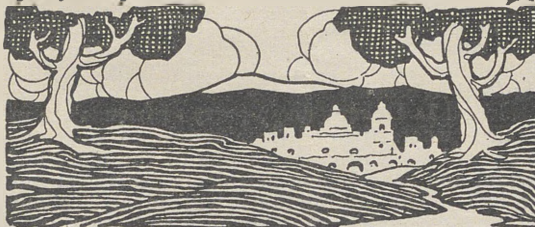
Like many an ancient minstrel,
I won my way with song;
With tales of mirth and laughter
I journeyed far and long,
And took the best on every hand,
Nor recked of right or wrong.

Now shadows of life's even
Fall purple by the way,
And journeying back along the road
Toward Home, at close of day,
At every inn by the wayside
I pay! pay! pay!

For scores of youth are heavy,
And this is reeking day;
And golden grain of harvest
I garnered by the way,
Must yield its toll to debts of youth
Contracted in life's May.

—CLARA M. GREENING.

By the Way



Rescued by Major Fechet

I was greatly interested in a press dispatch last week announcing the death of Major Edmond G. Fechet, a noted Indian fighter, who had seen forty-nine years of service in Uncle Sam's army. Major Fechet at one time rescued me from a serious predicament. We had campaigned together at the time of Sitting Bull's death and a year or so later we renewed acquaintance in peculiar circumstances. I had been sent out from Chicago by the paper of which I was a staff member, to join a party of vigilantes, organized by irate cattle men, who were determined to rid northern Wyoming of its cattle rustlers, or at least to discourage that industry all they could. After administering lynch law to a brace of ringleaders, under the most exciting conditions, our party was besieged at the K. C. ranch, whither we had retreated for food and shelter, our supplies having been captured by the enemy. I soon saw that a period of inactivity awaited me behind the breastworks we erected, to say nothing of becoming a target for sharpshooters, so, mounting my horse, I headed straight for Fort McKinney, long since abandoned. At Buffalo I was "held up" by the rustler element and threatened with summary treatment as a participant in the preceding unpleasantness at Powder river. In my dilemma I urged that Major Fechet, senior officer in command of the cavalry at McKinney, be summoned. A friendly Knight of Pythias bore my message. Before he arrived my position grew exceedingly awkward, and at one time I believe a rope was produced by the angry mob that I was designed to stretch. I shall never forget Major Fechet's appearance as my deliverer! He rode up to the calaboose on his splendid black charger, his iron-grey mustache tilted superciliously, his keen eye taking in all the surroundings. Instantly, he vouched for me as a non-combatant, a newspaper correspondent, and bore me off to the post on his orderly's horse, the owner following on foot. To add to the delicacy of the situation, I may say that in my pocket rested the diary of the leader of the rustlers, killed at Powder river, which I had thoughtfully extracted from his pocket, as he lay expiring in the coulee, I being the first to reach his side. Had they searched me, the rustlers would not have hesitated to yank that rope, with me as dead weight on the other end. Do you wonder that I felt a deep interest in Major Fechet's arrival and that I am not disposed to let his death pass without offering a little tribute of gratitude to the memory of this bluff but kindly old cavalry officer?

To Give Way to His Son

Friends of the family have learned this week that I. W. Hellman, Sr., has decided to withdraw entirely from active business in favor of his son, I. W. Hellman, Jr. The latter is a native of this city, where he was born about forty years ago, at the corner of Fourth and Main streets, the present site of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, at that time the Hellman homestead. Although he has not lived here for more than a dozen years, the younger Hellman always has kept in touch with the progress of the community, and he knows Los Angeles better than do many of its permanent residents. The Hellman fortune, I suppose, is not far from \$15,000,000, perhaps more, basing the estimate on liquid assets, and is earning an income of close to a million dollars a year. The elder Hellman is said to have felt the loss of his wife keenly, and since her death he has not taken so deep an interest in material affairs as was his wont in former years.

Overlooked a Point

When the people of Santa Ana entertained United States Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan, at the banquet board recently, they proved themselves equal to an emergency, but Senator Smith must have appreciated the joke when one speaker after another descanted on the greatness of Orange county and the importance of Newport as a harbor requiring large government appropriations. Perhaps the Smith banquet

would have been a still greater success had those in charge invited all of the members of the California delegation in the two houses. The Santa Anans should have remembered that one of the members of the committee on rivers and harbors in the lower house, at this time, is James McLachlan, who will be congressman for at least another six months.

Felicitations to a Happy Man

In extending my congratulations to Dr. Bernard Smith, upon the successful outcome of his romance that had its inception, I am convinced, several years ago, I am not unmindful of the fact that to the single-minded, unswerving type of manhood all things are possible. That a young physician, with his practice still in the formative period, should have won the hand of one of Los Angeles' fairest daughters, having, besides her dowry of beauty, a cultured mind, well-stored by reading and travel, and who is of direct kin to one of the oldest and wealthiest families, demonstrates forcibly the simple democracy of true love. Dr. Smith, I happen to know, has long planned a course of study abroad, under the foremost medical savants of Europe, the better to equip himself for his chosen professional career. His marriage next April is not to interfere with his plans, since the charming bride-elect is to accompany her husband across the water, being in close accord with his cherished ambition. I must refer my readers to the formal announcement on the society page, printed exclusively in this issue of The Graphic, for the name of the accomplished young woman whom Dr. Bernard Smith has won. The many friends of both will hasten to extend them congratulations on the plighting of their troth.

Misunderstood His Reply

William Ellis Lady, the obliging Salt Lake railroad man, had an amusing experience recently. Answering his telephone, he heard an unmistakable feminine voice which made inquiry for one of Mr. Lady's office associates. Mr. Lady advised that the party was not in. She then bombarded him with innumerable questions, to which Mr. Lady made cautious replies. Becoming exasperated, the woman announced, "This is Mrs. Mann." The polite response was, "Well, this is Mr. Lady." "Don't get fresh, young fellow," was flashed back over the wire, while a click of the hung-up receiver forestalled any explanations.

Stenographer Was Indignant

Another good one on Mr. Lady: He had occasion to call up Force Parker, the well-known attorney, who was out, his stenographer was sorry to say. "Never mind. Just tell him that Lady would like to see him at 9 o'clock this evening, on an important matter, please." It chanced that Force did not return to his office that afternoon. A long-distance call at his house at Venice was responded to by his wife. "A lady wants to meet Mr. Parker at 9 o'clock tonight, very important," announced this indiscreet stenographer. "O, very well, I will give him the message," was Mrs. Parker's unruffled reply.

New Management for the Herald

There is new management injected into the Herald, in the person of Frank F. Peard, formerly of the Baltimore News, a recent acquisition for Los Angeles. Mr. Peard has been in business charge of the property for upward of three weeks, and if he finds conditions as they have been represented to him by Harry Chandler, it is said that he will take the paper over for a syndicate of purchasers. Mr. Peard comes to Los Angeles with an excellent reputation as a newspaper manager, and was originally attracted here by the possibilities of the oil business. He is a director in several of the oil companies of this section, and was the organizer of one of the most popular of the traders whose stock is listed on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. I understand that he has made application to become a member of that organization.

Talk of Electric Road North

I doubt if the story to the effect that the Southern Pacific is to electricize its San Joaquin valley line, as far north as Bakersfield, is founded upon anything tangible. The alleged facts were recently printed in a Los Angeles morning paper. A few years ago, when Henry E. Huntington first entered the local traction field, I believe he entertained such a project, even contemplating a similar enterprise all the way as far north as Seattle. But it was to have been a coastwise road the entire distance. The mountain route through Bakersfield would hardly pay to operate, owing to the heavy grades. In the event that the South-

ern Pacific really makes such a change as stated, the system is certain to be extended, first to Fresno, and later to Stockton, in both of which places Manager Paul Shoup at present is operating electric railways.

Michael Cudahy's Holdings Here

Michael Cudahy, who died in Chicago early in the week, was a warm supporter of Southern California. He first visited Los Angeles many years ago, at which time he acquired several parcels of city as well as country real estate, all of which proved profitable investments. I knew him and John Cudahy well in the old days on the Chicago Board of Trade, when I was editing the "Echoes of the Board," years ago. He was a kindly disposed Irishman, who always gave freely of his great wealth to any cause that had the least merit. I imagine that the value of his Los Angeles holdings will be found to be upward of a million dollars.

Borrowing Our Joseph

"Joe" Scott has been "borrowed" by the management of the projected San Francisco exposition, which has shipped the president of the Los Angeles Board of Education to Washington, there to cajole the two houses of congress into conceding the patronage of the government in aid of the proposed world's fair for the northern city. Knowing Joe's rhetorical powers, his convincing ways, it strikes me that San Francisco has made no mistake in carrying our Joseph into Egypt.

Railroad Activities Projected

Epes Randolph, I hear, has plans under way for connecting Los Angeles by direct route with the capital of the Mexican republic. The necessary concessions for the undertaking have been obtained from President Diaz, and active work out of Tucson will be begun within twelve months. When completed, in about five years, the Mexican capital will be within three days' journey of this city. From San Francisco, the Western Pacific at this time is surveying a route south, which is hoped will be under track and ready for operation when the Panama canal shall be completed in 1915. Moreover, the Santa Fe is replacing its 65-pound valley rails with 90-pound steel, with a view to competing for San Francisco passenger business before long.

Honors for Harry Mayberry

Harry H. Mayberry, just appointed by Governor Gillett a member of the board of trustees of the Los Angeles normal school, was one of the delegates to the last Republican national convention. He is a graduate of the University of California, a member of the University Club of this city and a standpatter in politics. Harry has a beautiful place out on Garfield avenue, Alhambra. He is a thorn in the flesh to the board of trustees of Alhambra, whom he is continually baiting.

Four Per Cent Bonds Not Tempting

In the event that Councilman Andrews really has a serious notion of offering for sale a block of the Los Angeles aqueduct bonds, it is to be feared he will meet with disappointment. The public is not likely to grasp with avidity at a four per cent collateral security, no matter how good it may be. Of course, if civic pride can be enlisted there will be a different story to tell. But until this can be done Mr. Andrews will be doomed to failure in his efforts.

San Diego May be Disappointed

I have a notion that when it comes to approving the treaty entered into last summer between San Diego and San Francisco in the matter of state appropriations for exposition purposes, the new state administration will not be altogether pliant. It is being hinted that no obligation rests with Governor Johnson in the issue, because of the fact that a good percentage of the responsible San Diego fair management is said to have supported Theodore A. Bell in the late state campaign. There is likely to be a warm discussion at the state capital this winter over this dual site arrangement.

No Marked Reforms Noticeable

That there has been anything like a noticeable improvement in the conduct of the state prisons located at San Quentin and Folsom, as is set forth in the annual report of the state prison directors to Governor Gillett, filed this week, is doubtful. For, while the parole system has been in operation with considerable success, apparently, first termers not yet are separated from old offenders, while the opium traffic and other no-

torious evils are said to be as bad as ever. The lockstep and stripes also remain a part of the alleged discipline in both of the state penal institutions. For further particulars any one interested has only to interview Martin J. Aguirre, a former San Quentin warden, and Griffith J. Griffiths, to be convinced of the truth of my statements.

Big Deal in Mexico

Edward L. Doheny and a party of friends are in Mexico, where, before their return to Los Angeles, will be consummated one of the most important and far-reaching petroleum deals ever put through. The negotiations will involve about \$40,000,000 in value, and Pittsburg and other steel magnates are reported to be interested. Mr. Doheny is expected home just before the holidays.

Important Oil Lands Decision

There was decided this week by Judge Wellborn, in the United States circuit court, a suit that will have far-reaching effect in conceding title in certain oil lands at present in dispute among several holders. The court has practically held that where lands were located in good faith, and where petroleum has been uncovered at the expense of legitimate risk, such locators should get title from the government. The decision is expected to run pirates off lands valued at several million dollars.

Big Yield for Citrus Fruit

Holiday citrus fruit is being rushed east in large quantities from Los Angeles, with indications that the crop this season will be a record-breaker, and that prices will be higher than ever before. From a responsible quarter I learn that the total sum that will accrue to Southern California from this source, between now and May 1, will be not less than \$20,000,000, with the railroads breaking about even on this amount.

Trolley Conductor's Family in Want

Bessie Ostrow and her family of eight children are said to be really in want, and charitably disposed people of Los Angeles and Pasadena should make a point of helping those dependent on the trolley conductor who lost both his legs in trying to save the life of a drunken passenger on his car a few weeks ago. It has been reported that Mrs. Ostrow did not need assistance, but so good an authority as Motley H. Flint is convinced to the contrary and has been expending Shrine money in the effort to relieve the immediate wants of the family.

All-Night Celebration a Mistake

Unless the management of the affair materially changes its view, there will be no all-night celebrations, so-called, next year, as part of the Santa Monica road races. The one of last week was anything but a success. It drew to the beach a motley crowd of many thousands of both sexes, at a time when it is not feasible to preserve the best of order. Pickpockets and other crooks attended in numbers, accommodations on the grounds were meager, and the cheap sports that flocked thither rendered the atmosphere unpleasant, to say the least.

Fakes That Need Attention

Main street, in the downtown business sections, harbors more than one fake that needs attention at the hands of the authorities. There is one alleged cure shop that advertises itself as the Poly High clinic, apparently seeking to create an impression that the establishment is part of the public school system. About a block north is a sign reading Government Loan Office, to which, of course, the pawnshop has no titular right. They should be compelled to withdraw the misleading signs.

Clerk Dunlap to Practice Law

Robert L. Dunlap, for years deputy clerk of the state supreme court, has resigned to engage in the practice of the law. Dunlap came south from San Jose, to do newspaper work. He was wise enough to ally himself with the former Republican state organization, which placed him in his recent political sinecure. His experience there should prove of great value in the legal career upon which he now enters.

Pasadena to Honor Busch

Residents of Pasadena appear to have taken a few lessons in diplomacy, since I see that one of their prominent winter resident guests, Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, is to be the recipient of public commendation at their hands. Mr. Busch, who has expended a fortune in making his Pasadena sunken gardens a sight worth going miles to see, is to be the principal guest at a banquet to be tendered to him at an early day. I suggested in

this column, more than a year ago, that his efforts in Pasadena never had been appreciated properly by the people of the Crown City. It would not be surprising if Mr. Busch deeded his handsome show place to the people of Pasadena, at a future date for park purposes, provided the city agreed to maintain the grounds in the manner they deserve.

Authorities Should Take Notice

Cannot the city or the government assume supervision over the scores of privately and irresponsibly owned wireless telegraph systems? Their multiplicity has resolved itself into a nuisance, as messages, public as well as others, are continually being intercepted and their contents made a subject for neighborhood gossip, where the senders and receivers are known. In addition, usually at dusk, when lights are just beginning to work, electric lamps at times sputter and blink, due to the tinkering by wireless operators. I commend the facts as here set forth to the attention of the city council's committee on police affairs.

Fee System is Doomed

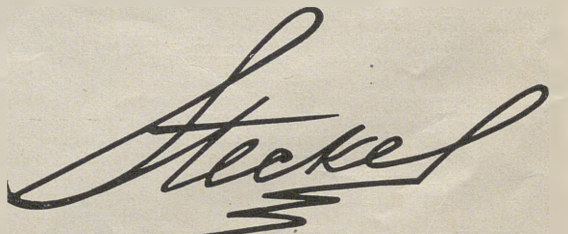
Among the projected legislation sought to be enacted by the Sacramento solons will be the attempt to place the sheriff's office of Los Angeles upon a salary basis. At present, and for several years past, the fee system has prevailed, which, it is estimated, has been worth to the incumbent upward of \$20,000 a year. I have heard it intimated that Sheriff Hammel this year will net close to \$30,000, making that position by far the most lucrative in the state. Under the proposed reform plan, the sheriff is to be paid an annual salary of not less than \$6,000, although the emolument may be set at as high as \$10,000, with all fees to be turned into the county treasury. The public in this way would save between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year. Doubtless the proposal will not carry without a warm struggle to retain the status quo, but I imagine it is bound to succeed before the session is adjourned sine die.

Consular reports state that the Southern Pacific is about to electrify at least a large part of its Mexican railway lines, contracts already having been let. Although there is at present no diminution of orders placed for locomotives, the locomotive works of the world are not increasing their plants, and it is tacitly admitted that electricity will replace, in due time, all other railway motive power—unless the present experiment with the gyroscope should open such new possibilities as to bring it into practical commercial prominence. However it may be, the present steam locomotive is as surely doomed as the horse. Another generation will witness as great and as rapid changes in mechanical appliances and motive power as has the present. Doubtless, the changes will be even greater and more rapid.

Recently, forty feet on Broadway, near First, was sold for \$82,000. Just a year before it changed owner for \$70,000. There is a sheer gain of \$12,000 in twelve months. Who made that \$12,000? The whole people of Los Angeles and vicinity. Who pays it? They must pay for it by useful, productive labor. Wealth can come from no other source. Who gets it? The man who sold. Think it over. Something does not come from nothing.

Rate wars between shippers and carriers are nothing more than the clash of private interests, over which the consumer has no particular necessity to be unduly worried. The price of a commodity is but distantly related to its cost, and so immediately and ultimately amenable to the law of competition. Monopoly of transportation facilities is only an incident of the game, the method, not the cause, of the mulcting of the consumer.

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Books

Reconstructed lives through the agencies of work, unselfishness and human kindness, make the theme of Margery Benton Cooke's lately published novel, "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods." A young married couple, whose lives have been set for them by their birth, wealth and social position, find themselves suddenly stripped of worldly possessions, by the familiar accident of the stock exchange. Their respective families are ready to make good their losses and restore them to their accustomed position, but they have enough energy and good sense to decide to pay the fiddler for their disastrous dance, and go to the country to live in a small lodge, left from the wreck. For the first time in their married career they have a common interest, and it works a beneficent cure. In a cabin in the woods, near by, they find the "girl," who has also fled from the maiming conditions of the city to the balm of the country. Born of an ill-mated pair, she had lived the neglected, unloved life of the slum child. But her talent for painting, and the saving spiritual hunger that mocks circumstance, led her away from degradation and crime into the atmosphere of beauty. But she had breathed in the poison of unrest and hate and fled to the woods to live her life uncontaminated. How she is won to a normal frame of mind, through the love of a child and the sympathy and understanding of a fine man, make the story. The plot has no complexities, and the telling of it is simple, so the book should find favor. It is a wholesome story for young people and in that way a boon. ("The Girl That Lived in the Woods." By Marjorie Benton Cooke. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Keith of the Border"

Randall Parrish maintains his former good record as a story spinner in his latest book, by filling three hundred and sixty pages with about all the entanglements and excitement with which it is possible to weight a wild and elemental western love story; and the best of it is, it fits together without a jar. There is local color about his "Keith of the Border" that is fully corroborated by reality. Parrish ought to know, for he has been in the territory covered by his story and is familiar with the scenes it portrays. The dead listlessness of the sky, the heat waves rising and falling over the desolate waste, the hazy, tense coloring, the tantalizing illusions of the desert plains, man's daring and brutality in the struggle with these elements, the garishness, hardness and vicious atmosphere of the frontier town of the early pioneer days in the west form a picturesque background for the play of human emotions of quite as high hues as the settings. Jack Keith, a well-bred southern gentleman of good family arrived at thirty years in the height of many strength and power, after an honorable and fruitless service in the army of the south during the Civil War and eight years of fighting, hardship and rough living on the plains, finds upon taking stock of his accomplishment but "a reputation as a hard rider, a daring player at cards, a quick shot, a scorn of danger and a bad man to fool with—" which does not appear to satisfy his soul fully. Without realizing it, it is the refining influence of a good woman that he most needs and this is supplied by Hope Waite, daughter of General Waite. The pretty, gentle soul is in search of an erring brother, who is disgracing the family by a reckless life of crime in the west (of which she is happily not fully aware). At the same time, the fiery old general, who has not been apprised of his daughter's adventurous journey, also comes to Carson City, looking for a long-lost step-child. There is an inheritance concerned. A striking likeness to another woman of the music-hall variety and the trusting

simplicity of Hope leads to a great tangle, out of which grow two love stories that move along with a rush characteristic of life on the plains. Christie MacLaire, the music-hall singer, is the unconscious tool of "Black Part" Hawley, the heavy villain of the plot against the general. A murder, with all the evidence pointing to Jack Keith as the guilty man, starts the action. Thereafter other murders, rapine plotting, kidnapping and heroic rescues follow in rapid succession, treading each upon the heels of the other in most exciting fashion. Which does not mean that it is of a cheap, blood-and-thunder style—it is an exceptionally good tale of love and adventure that goes with snap and vim. ("Keith of the Border." By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Adventures in Home-Making"

Two society women were talking together at a matinee at one of the popular local playhouses recently. "I am so sorry I cannot have a new old house; I do so love the atmosphere and suggestion of other days hovering about such a home," said one. "But my little bungalow will be such a dear." And the conversation lingered momentarily with warmth over the fascinations of converted "old houses." To many, the allurements of remodeling and restoring antiques and old-fashioned things is an honest desire to hark back to the semblance of olden days; to others, a matter of affectation. But it is a rare pleasure, scarcely to be attained in this new country, it might almost be said. Now, any one so fortunate as to have ten or fifteen thousand dollars to put into a home may afford the luxury of investing the process with a delightful spice of adventure, such as Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton have injected into the choice and reformation of an ugly, old structure (but with great natural advantages patent only to the most discerning), which formed the scene of their "Adventures in Home-Making." Most folk have the adventuring and the excitement without the romantic charm of the Shackletons. The metamorphosis of the unattractive structure pictured as "the house as we found it" to the stately beauty of the "realization" at the close of the volume is marvelous. The planning of alterations, the timely contributions from neighboring dwellings of woodwork, mantels, etc., the actual work of remodeling, the treatment of the surrounding out-buildings and grounds make subjects of surprising interest. The story as told in the pictures is even more impressive. But, alas, like the articles on "How to Live on \$40 a Month," and support a family of twelve, or "How to Dress on a Moderate Income," which always implies an attic full of trunks of old silk dresses and rare laces, recently so popular, this is scarcely practical to the general reader—it could only pass the time of day for him. As a sample of attractive book work it is a most excellent specimen—it is a beautiful volume, and as to subject matter, it will appeal to a small and select circle of specialists. ("Adventures in Home-Making." By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. John Lane Co.)

Magazines for December

For December the Pacific Monthly has a pleasing collection of articles and short stories, featuring William Winter's contribution, "Some Theatrical Pretensions and the Facts." Felix Benguiat writes of "The Very Merry Christmas of Pains Amato." Berton Braley sings "The Songs of an Ordinary Man," being a collection of verses combined into story form. Dr. Stephen S. Wise contributes an article on "America's Preacher-Prophet." "The West and the National Capital" is from the pen of John E. Lathrop, and Henry A. Clock continues his interesting article on "The Narrative of a Shanghai Whaler." Short stories are featured by Jack London, Henry Wick-

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ham, D. E. Dermody and Poems and other papers add to the merit of the issue.

With the experiment in cotton-growing in Imperial Valley proving successful beyond even the roseate hopes of local investors, western readers of The World's Work will find special interest in the article on cotton, the mechanical cotton picker and the revolution in cotton growing, which is featured in the current issue of the magazine. The third article of "The Pension Carnival," by William Bayard Hale, is one of readable merit. The subject has aroused great interest and is being understandingly elucidated. Randall R. Howard contributes a paper on "A Railroad Fight for an Empire," depicting the efforts which the big railroad systems of the north are making in the northwest for upbuilding and supremacy. In the March of Events department are included articles on "The Curse of the Lottery," "Some Parcels-Post Jokes," "Poe in the Hall of Fame," "Protection at the Pier," "The Gist of the Railroad Argument," "Strikes and the Powers of Government," "Our Changing Population," and "A New Condition in Politics."

Katherine Holland Brown's story, "The Bonnet With Lilacs," is given first place in the December issue of Scribner's. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes of "The First Cargo," being the second of a series of articles of interest

and merit. Several entertaining bits of fiction also are specially featured, including Richard Harding Davis' "The Consul." Thomas Nelson Page's story, "The Stranger's Pew," has a strong heart-interest appeal. G. B. Lancaster and John Fox, Jr., contribute readable stories in "The Little White Girl" and "Christmas For Big Ame," the work of their respective pens. Other articles are by Ernest Thompson Seton, Frederick Funston, E. Hopkinson Smith and Christian Brinton.

Special articles in the American for December include "The Things That Are Caesar's," being a comprehensive paper by Albert Jay Nock on taxation, the first of a series of articles on the subject. Local interest is given one of the fiction stories, "The Heart of a Thief," by Fred R. Becholdt, formerly of this city. Ernest Poole has a clever story in "The Alarm Clock." "The Door of Understanding," by Octavia Roberts, and "The Captain's Family," by Charles A. Fisher, also are entertaining. "In the Reign of Alfred Dont" is a delightful sketch of childhood by Marion Hill. Other worthy articles featured include "Man's Redemption of Man," by William Osler; "The Measure of Human Grit," by Frank Barclay Copley, and "The Insurgence of Insurgency," by William Allen White. Ida M. Tarbell contributes another of her illuminating articles on the tariff, relative to Mr. Aldrich's attitude.

Music



By Waldo F. Chase

It was a large and expectant audience that greeted Mme. Liza Lehman and her quartet of English singers at their recent appearance in this city. Mme. Lehman is rather a unique figure in the musical world, as she is one of a very few women who have gained general recognition as composers, and almost the only one who could presume to give an entire program of her own works. Mme. Lehman's fame has been built largely upon her very beautiful setting of lines from the "Rubaiyat," known as the "Persian Garden" cycle, and, judging from the program given here recently, her fame must still rest upon that. While here and there among her songs one finds a charming number, she seems, musically, to have little new to say. Her style of composition is wonderfully adapted to the sumptuous lines of Omar Khayyam; the ornate figuration of the piano score of the "Persian Garden" reminds one of an oriental arabesque, and its weird, plaintive melodies of the languorous Indian tales of Thomas Moore; but there is, as a whole, great lack of variety in Mme. Lehman's work; one wearies of the excessive pianism of her accompaniments, and longs for more simplicity here, more dramatic power there, in fact, for evidences of greatness great enough to hold the interest of the listener through a long program. In the lines of the "Incident of the French Camp," there are great possibilities for dramatic effect, to which the composer, in her setting, has not attained; on the other hand, several of the lighter songs, such as "If I Were a Bird," the "Seal Songs" and "Everybody's Secret" are extremely charming. While, doubtless, many thoroughly enjoyed the humorous songs which closed the program, to the musician they seemed, at least in such numbers, to be out of place. Apparently, Mme. Lehman takes her "Nonsense Songs" quite seriously, and has evidently devoted much time and thought to the composition of them; but, while they would be, in small doses, quite amusing and entertaining in a drawing room, they are not in the least edifying on a concert program. Such songs as "Mock-turtle Soup" and others, rendered as they were by Mme. Lehman's singers, would be in better keeping on the vaudeville stage. The quartet of English singers was in certain ways disappointing; the soprano and tenor were much too light, and their style seemed poorly adapted to the requirements of the "Persian Garden." The contralto and bass were excellent artists, possessing good voices and fine delivery. In point of attack, tempo and especially of diction, too much praise cannot be given this quartet; it is indeed rarely that one hears so distinctly every word sung. Mme. Lehman presided at the piano with much skill, and gave, as a matter of course, an authoritative reading of her works.

Tuesday evening the Orpheus Club gave a light but pleasing program at the Temple Auditorium. As is usual at these concerts, there was a very large audience. Mr. Dupuy has his men well in hand, and as their work is always memorized, they are able to sing with a precision which would otherwise be hardly possible. The "Mother Mine" of Neidlinger was beautifully sung, with fine gradation of tone and exquisite pianissimo effect. "The Old Mill-wheel," by the same composer, was another charming number; in this the solo was sung by Mr. A. J. Stinton, one of the club members. Mr. Stinton has a pleasing voice of much sweetness and well suited to such a work. The heavier numbers attempted by the club lacked seriously in volume. The men seem not to have been out in full force, and one felt that a smaller hall would be far more suitable for their concert. Mr. Rudolph Friml, the "guest" soloist of the evening, is a pianist of much ability. He has a very facile technique, great speed and clarity, and a certain style of performance which can per-

haps be best described as "ravishing." Just why he should elect to play nine numbers (including encores) of so nearly the same style, is difficult to understand. No fewer than five of these were dance forms, and all were of the brilliant, scintillating order, which leaves no room for the display of the highest type of interpretive power. Individually, Mr. Friml's compositions are delightful examples of their class, the melodic Op. 27 and the Russian and Egyptian dances are particularly fascinating, and they were played with rare deftness and charm of color. The Strauss-Erler number was also rendered with dash and brilliancy. That Mr. Friml gave his hearers much pleasure was evidenced by their very close attention and hearty applause. The club is fortunate in its accompanist. Mr. Garroway has a beautiful touch, and is most artistic in all his work. Mrs. Chick's efforts were largely in vain, as the small reed instrument which she played could scarcely be heard. Her work is always so satisfactory that one regretted that she had not the use of a pipe organ for this occasion. Mr. Dupuy proved himself again a director of unusual ability, whose large measure of success is the logical outcome of his conscientious efforts and lofty ideals.

Still another choral society has sprung to life in our midst. About fifty teachers in the public schools have banded themselves to gether, under the direction of Mr. Poulin, for the purpose of practice and training in choral work. While it is primarily a study club, it plans to give one concert, at least, each season, and will doubtless be heard also at institutes and similar educational gatherings. The teachers are enthusiastic concerning their work.

Musical activities in neighboring towns are on the increase. Long Beach is especially alive in this respect, and boasts of many excellent musicians and good musical programs. The Woman's Music Study Club gave recently a successful recital of compositions of Los Angeles composers, and the Philharmonic Society will give the first concert of its fifth season the evening of the second of December. The Koopman string trio has been engaged for this concert, and the principal choral number will be Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen." In addition to the usual shorter choruses, the society plans to give during the season Bennett's "May Queen," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and other important works. Dr. C. R. Mitchell is the conductor.

Consisting entirely of local compositions will be the distinctive feature of the special concert to be given the evening of December 8 by the First Congregational Orchestra. Songs by Dr. R. W. Harris, "The Nightingale," and Frederick Stevenson, "The New Jerusalem," will be interpreted by Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, the latter song being with organ accompaniment and obligato parts for flute, violin, cello and harp. One of the latest compositions of Miss Laura Zerbe, "The Sea Gull," will also be sung, the orchestration for this being arranged by Mr. Robert Messinger. A violin solo by C. E. Pemberton will be played by Mr. Harold Walberg, with orchestra accompaniment. Other numbers by the orchestra are: Reverie for strings by Pemberton, Grand Polonaise by M. F. Mason, Melody by M. F. Mason, two Romanzes by R. Messinger and N. L. Ridderhoff, respectively, Intermezzo for Strings and Flute by Henry Schoenfeld, a Suite in Four Movements (Hungarian Legends) by D. Dwight McCaughey, a promising young composer, several of whose smaller works have already been published. This concert promises a pleasing variety and will undoubtedly attract marked attention by the friends of the composers and the public generally. This concert opens the sixteenth concert season of the



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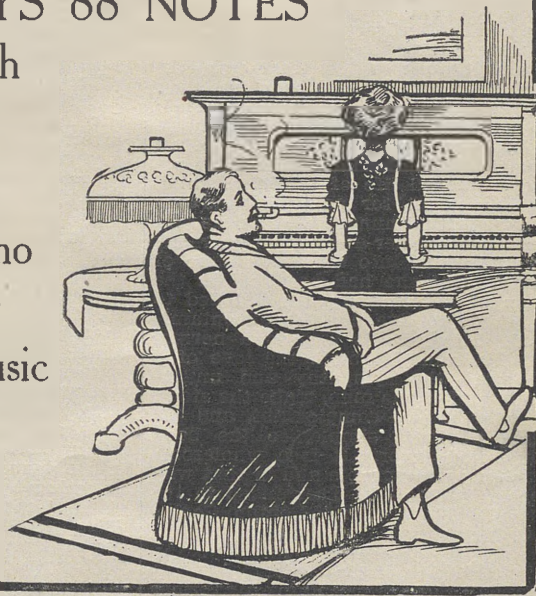
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After a lingering illness, during which she was a great sufferer, Mrs. Arnold Krauss passed away last Monday. Forced by her poor health to lead a life of comparative seclusion, Mrs. Krauss will, nevertheless, be greatly missed by the fortunate ones who counted themselves among her friends. Mr. Krauss, who is so well known as concertmaster of the Symphony Orchestra, soloist and teacher, has the sincere sympathy of the musical fraternity, and of the larger public that knows his splendid artistry and his earnest efforts for the uplifting of the musical life of the city.

For the coming week a musical event will be the song recital of Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, who appears in the Philharmonic course Tuesday evening, December 6. Gogorza has sung here before, and few singers have given keener pleasure than he. He is an artist, distinctively a concert artist, of the first rank; his program covers a wide range, including old English, Italian and German songs, as well as the more modern works of the Russian and

French schools. Mr. Gogorza brings with him a pianist, Mr. Robert Schmitz, who is said to be eminently successful in his career both as soloist and accompanist.

The program of the Lyric Club concert December 8, will be as follows:

Spring Song (Housley), "Since First I Met Thee" (Rubinstein-Shelley), "Salve d'Amore" (Gounod), Chinese Flower Fete (Cadmans), "Kingsfisher Blue" (Amy Woodford Finden), "All the World Awakes Today" (Jannan), "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvorak-Peers), "The Dusk Witch" (Ambrose), "Saint Mary Magdalene" (d'Indy), "In May" (Parker), Recitation and Aria, "Ah Suez" from "Manon" (Massenet), Butterfly Chase (Clough-Leiter).

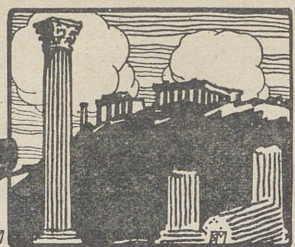
The soloists will be Mrs. Boothe, in an obligato, and Miss Kie Julie Christin and Mr. Henry Balfour in solos.

Allessandro Bonci, who is to appear here in concert this season, recently opened his American tour with a concert in Brooklyn, before what is said to have been the most enthusiastic audience ever witnessed in that city. Bonci is well known as an opera singer, but he is reported to be a most versatile concert singer as well.

Ferruccio Busoni, the eminent pianist, is preparing a complete edition of the Liszt compositions.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

John Donovan—Steckel Gallery.
Craft Shop—218 East Avenue Forty-one.

In this land of out-of-doors, where every snow-clad peak rising out of fruited vineyards and sweet-scented orange grove, and every breath of salt air tossed landward by the turbulent sea are silent calls to come forth and wander where one's fancy listeth, it is small wonder that we of the west are called a transient people. This southwestern wonderland, so full of mystic charm and natural beauty, is the playground of the nation, and it should occasion no surprise that the majority of us are affected by that delightful malady called "wanderlust." However, there never was a cause without an effect, and this holiday mode of living leaves its imprint upon almost every field of civic and social endeavor. We care more for a beautiful lawn and garden than for a palatial home. Our pew rents go to the seaside landlords and our civic improvement league fees to the mountain inn keeper. Instead of beautifying the interior of our homes with works of art, we buy expensive motor cars, and instead of building art museums or public libraries, we go without the former and house the latter in a department store while we build "good roads," the better to escape civilization.

This call of the wild has had a wonderful effect upon art. It has made us a colony noted for our landscape painters and criticized for the lack of portrait and genre artists. In all local exhibitions there is the same sad scarcity of figure compositions and the usual surfeit of charming landscape renderings. I have always contended that the most interesting form of art is the genre subject, and the art history of the ages confirms my assertion that the rendering of the human form is the apex of all art. The exhibition of ten recent canvases from the masterful brush of Jean Mannheim, which closed today at the Hallett studio, convinces me that for this talented man ever to turn aside from figure painting would not only be a great mistake on his part but an irretrievable loss to the art of the coming ages. While I greatly admire the strength and beauty and rare poetic sentiment with which Mr. Mannheim paints his decorative landscape studies, I do not find the same degree of pure art in these that impress itself upon one when beholding such a collection of figure work as was shown at the exhibition just closed.

To paint a good landscape requires great poetic insight into nature's secrets, much technical ability and understanding, but to produce two such masterpieces as the portraits of John W. Mitchell, Esq., and Col. J. B. Lanckshim requires a mental workmanship in the most heroic sense. The psychology of these two rare canvases is a thing for profound study and can scarcely be grasped by the superficial mind. To discuss the faultless color, vigorous treatment, flawless modeling, or the speaking likeness in either canvas would be an insult to Mr. Mannheim's art. "Portrait of Artist's Mother" and "Whispering Love," or as I like to think of it, "Modern Madonna," are both "love portraits," and are too full of sweetness and purity to yield aught to the critic's meaningless prattle.

Three small portrait studies hold the observer's attention for their technical dexterity and characteristic truth and life. "The Old Bavarian" is the head study of an old man, a peasant type, so well portrayed that it lives and breathes. "The New Hat," a clever self portrait, and the "Baby's Portrait," are strong, forceful renderings, full of pure color and free handling. A large canvas, which occupied the place of honor, is labeled "Portrait," for want of a better title. It could be called

"Childhood," or any of its attributes. Two sunny-haired little girls, one demure and sadly thoughtful, the other dimpled, rosy and laughing, form the composition. The demure one stands by the window seat, upon which the roguish one sits. The background is a charming harmony of blue-gray, and in the foreground a great copper urn of dull red and yellow chrysanthemums adds contrast and enhances the richness of the color scheme. The drawing and modeling of the smaller child's feet and legs, which are bare to the knees, is a notable feature of this truly great picture. Those who did not find time to visit this exhibition surely are the losers.

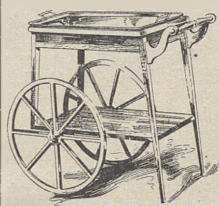
The first individual exhibition of the winter season at the Steckel Gallery was a collection of eighteen landscapes and marines in oil by Ralph Davidson Miller. This collection, which is of varied interest, opened Monday November 1, and closed today. In this time many visitors were drawn to the cozy little gallery and several canvases were sold. Of late years, Mr. Miller has been devoting much time to out-of-door sketching, making pilgrimages into the desert country and the mountain solitudes. The unpaintable splendor of the Grand Canyon has lured him to dizzy heights, whence he has returned with worthy translations in paint of nature's great masterpiece. The quality of the work shown in the exhibition was exceedingly praiseworthy, and proved Mr. Miller to be an artist of poetic conception and possessing the courage of his convictions.

"Cliffs at Del Mar" is a charming seascape. The transparency of the sun-flecked water is well expressed, and the breaking spray is skillfully handled. The delicate color of the distant cliffs adds a pleasing note of color. "Topanga" is a composition of oak trees on a golden brown hillside. The distribution of light and shadow is noteworthy. "Torrey Pines," made at Sorrento, depicts slender-trunked trees on a rocky cliff, with the sea beyond. The composition and color harmony are of great charm. "Solitude" is the title given a typical California mountain landscape. The foreground is in rich low tones, while the setting sun is painting the distant hills in delicate shades. "Gray Day" is an idealistic treatment of a mist-enveloped forest at the edge of the sea. "Glimpse of Grand Canyon" is undoubtedly a faithful study of a purely scenic subject. A mountain gorge enveloped in lovely rainbow-tinted mist, with towering snow-capped peaks beyond, forms a worthy background for two timid deer that stand on an overhanging shelf of rock in the foreground of canvas seven, called "The Visitors." "Reflections," while a trifle cold, is one of Mr. Miller's most successful studies. The composition of slender poplars reflected in a tiny stream, with low oaks and sunlet clouds beyond, is treated in a manner almost classic. "Sunny Slopes," "The Eternal Hills" and "Sunshine," are all colorful canvases, typical of the southwest. In "Stormy Evening," the wind in the tree tops is well expressed. "Evening in Perris Valley" lacks freedom and is a trifle forbidding in color. A large canvas, leading the eye down a roadway through autumn-tinted oak trees, is unmistakably eastern, is full of rich color, and possesses an alluring distance. Several smaller studies are of interest for the charming compositions and atmospheric qualities. I feel that Mr. Miller could loosen his handling in many instances to good effect. A certain tightness seems to creep into several of his canvases, rendering them hard in outline. However, they who attended this exhibition found much to admire and little to criticize.

Monday, the annual Art and Crafts exhibition opened at the Ebell Club-house and closed Wednesday. A reception was given the initial evening,

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which proved a brilliant affair. Music and refreshments added to the enjoyment of the many invited guests. The display, which was large and of high quality, was open to the public Tuesday and Wednesday. I will note this worthy collection at length next week.

Miss Emma Craft and Miss Mabel Free, whose unique arroya-side studio at 218 East Avenue Forty-one is known to all art lovers of things handmade as the Crafts Shop, have issued handsome invitations to a reception, Sunday afternoon, December 4, at which time they will formally open their annual winter exhibition.

Beginning Monday, December 5, and continuing two weeks, John Donovan will hold an exhibition of twenty-five of his late marines at the Steckel Gallery. Let all who can, attend.

In the current issue of the International Studio is an illustrated opening article on John C. Johansen, written by Arthur Hochoer. Malcolm C. Salaman writes of the "Mezzotints of Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A., P.R.S." and C. H. Collins Baker contributes a well-written article on "The Paintings of Mr. G. W. Lambert." A. S. Levett treats of the "Revival of Lace Making in Hungary," and Prof. Holmes Smith of "The Decorative Paintings of Prof. Carl Marr." "Japanese Art and Artists of Today," Chap. III, by Wilson Crewdon, A.M., is of interest. "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture," Studio Talk, Art School Notes, Reviews and Notices, The Lay Figure, "In the Galleries," and important art books add to the value of this number.

Covina's \$70,000 bond issue for the installation of a new sewer system was defeated by one vote. Bonds carried for a fire house and jail to cost \$3,500.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil of 2321 South Figueroa street announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Marion Macneil, to Dr. Bernard Smith, a prominent young physician of this city. The formal announcement, which is made exclusively in The Graphic today, will be received with great interest by members of the social circle in which Mrs. Macneil and her charming daughter are leaders. Miss Macneil is an unusually attractive young woman, and since her debut, two winters ago, she has been the recipient of much attention. Date for the wedding has not been determined upon as yet, but it probably will be an event of April, taking place in the latter part of that month.

At a beautifully appointed luncheon given Thursday at their home, "Holmby House," Hollywood, Mrs. Arthur Letts announced the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Gladys Letts, to Mr. Harold Janss, son of Dr. and Mrs. P. Janss of Beacon street. The two large round tables at which the guests were seated were artistically decorated with pink roses and lilies of the valley, corsage bouquets of the blossoms being banked against the centerpiece during the serving, when each guest drew a cluster of the flowers with the aid of the ribbon streamers. Candelabra, daintily shaded in pink, added to the picturesque arrangement of the table decorations. Places were laid for Mrs. H. H. Braly; Misses Gladys Letts, Caroline Canfield, Eileen Canfield, Helen Dickinson, Pauline Vollmer, May Rhodes, Sallie Bonner, Marjorie Utley, Madeline King, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Margaret Goodrich, Ruth Larned, Katherine Stearns, Olive Trask, Virginia Walsh, Marie Bobrick, Amy Marie Norton, Virginia Nourse, Katherine Banning and Edna Letts. The young bride-elect, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Letts, is one of the most popular of the younger set, and announcement of her engagement will be of widespread interest, owing to the prominence of the two families, which the marriage will unite. No definite date has been set as yet for the wedding, which is to take place in the early part of April.

Equally as brilliant a society event as was the "coming out" party of her sister, Miss Elizabeth Wood, last season, was the elaborately appointed reception given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. William H. Perry and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of St. James Park and marking the formal debut of Mrs. Wood's second daughter, Miss Florence Wood. Nearly six hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon and the affair was notably resplendent in every detail. The entire home was transformed into a veritable garden, with its artistic array of flowers and greenery. Masses of Killarney roses and ferns were used in the hall and the stairway was embanked with the flowers. In the gold French room orchids were used exclusively. Richmond roses and palms were arranged in the library, while the drawing room was in My Maryland roses, and the music room in American Beauty roses. In the Japanese room, where two dainty Japanese maids served tea, peach blossoms and wistaria were utilized. The grotto was attractive in ferns and Richmond roses and the palm room was fragrant with the quantities of beautiful bouquets which had been sent to the charming debutante. The dining room was especially beautiful, pink predominating in the color effect. Bows of pink tulle were held to each corner of the table which was covered with a rich cloth and had for its centerpiece a large cornucopia, with a shower of Cecil Bruner roses. Loops of the pink tulle and ferns decorated the side walls and the mantel shelf and buffet were massed with the roses and ferns. The pretty debutante was attired in a gown of delicate shell pink, with hand embroidered overdress of roses and seed pearls. She carried a shower of pink orchids. Mrs. Perry wore a white satin gown, trimmed with rich lace and pearl and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Wood's

gown was of smoked grey etoile, with grey net tunic and embroidered in cut steel and crystal. Miss Elizabeth Wood wore rose pink satin veiled in chiffon and embroidered in pearls. She carried an arm bouquet of My Maryland roses. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Meses. Ernest A. Bryant, Joseph B. Banning, Adna R. Chaffee, Fred Hathaway Bixby, Michael J. Connell, J. Ross Clark, Titian J. Coffey, E. P. Clark, Henry Howard, West Hughes, Charles E. Dick, Edwin T. Earl, James McBride Cockins, E. P. Johnson, Henry Owen Eversole, William May Garland, Howard E. Huntington, Stephen C. Hubbell, John T. Francis, Cameron E. Thom, Joseph D. Radford, Mary Le Grande Reed, John E. Stearns, G. Wiley Wells, I. N. Van Nuys, George King, William Parish Jeffries, E. F. C. Klokke, Earl B. Millar, John H. Norton, Boyle Workman, John H. F. Peck, Leila Burton Wells, James M. Moore, William W. Mines, J. G. Mossin, Walter S. Newhall, John G. Mott, Charles Praeger, John T. Francis; Misses Elizabeth Wood, Katherine Stearns, Sallie Bonner, Kathleen Spence, Elizabeth Hicks, Emma Conroy, Mollie Adelle Brown, Mary Lindley, Juliette Borden, May Rhodes, Edna Letts, Gladys Letts, Amy Marie Norton, Mildred Burnett, Katherine Banning, Jane Rollins, Lucile Clark, Virginia Nourse and Sallie McFarland. In the evening the husbands of the receiving women, and the following young men were invited in to a buffet supper and dance: Messrs. Paul Bucklin, Jack Bucklin, Neil Brown, Blackmore, Dick Clapp, Henry Daly, Nat Head, Tim Horan, George Kirkwood, Bert Ijams, Philo Lindley, Maynard McFie, Chester Moore, H. McManus, Neil Pendleton, James Page, George Reed, Jack Somers, Carrol Stilson, Jack Ledley, George Binner and Lieut. A. Staten.

In honor of Miss Katherine Banning and Miss Amy Marie Norton, two of the charming coterie of debutantes of the season, Miss Marie Bobrick of South Burlington avenue entertained Monday with a luncheon. The home was prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, and the table was arranged with violets and maidenhair ferns. Guests included Misses Katherine Banning, Amy Marie Norton, Kathleen Spence, Marjorie Utley, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Emma Conroy, Lucile Clark, Mildred Burnett, Anita Patton, Florence Brown, Madeline King, Gertrude King, Sally McFarland, Jane Rollins, Elizabeth Hicks, Katherine Stearns, Barbara Burkhalter, Clarisse Stevens and Virginia Nourse.

Mrs. Gail B. Johnson was hostess at a charming luncheon given at the Bolsa Chica Clubhouse, Monday. The guests were conveyed to the clubhouse in a special car, and passed a pleasant afternoon about the attractive grounds of the club. Those present were Meses. E. J. Marshall, Henderson Hayward, Lee Phillips, Isaac Milbank, J. H. Utley, Russell, W. T. McFie, Cook, W. C. Patterson, Pardee, Callender, Clark, Hawkins, McMillan, Baker, D. K. Edwards, Cook, Robert Marsh and W. H. Davis.

In honor of Miss Marjorie Utley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley of Menlo avenue, who is to make her formal debut this season, Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny entertained Wednesday with a prettily appointed luncheon at her home, 3250 Wilshire boulevard. The table was decorated in a color scheme of white and yellow and places were marked for Misses Marjorie Utley, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Madeline King, Alice Cline, Jane Rollins, Elizabeth Hicks, Sally McFarland, Florence Brown, Virginia Walsh, Katherine Banning, Emma Conroy, Fannie Todd Carpenter, Mildred Burnett, Marguerite Hughes and Amy Marie Norton.

Miss Katherine Stearns of 27 Saint James Park will be hostess this afternoon at a tea and dancing party to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club. The honored guests will include the following coterie of the season's debutantes: Misses Jane Rollins, Sally

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Bonner, Elizabeth Hicks, Mildred Burnett, Florence Wood, Juliette Borden, Katherine Spence and Amy Marie Norton.

Mrs. John Dwight of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting here for several weeks as the guest of her mother, Adams street, was hostess Wednesday at a handsomely appointed luncheon given at the California Club. The table decorations were of pink roses and covers were laid for eighteen. Mrs. Dwight, while here, has been the recipient of much delightful entertaining and much regret is occasioned by her planned return to her home next Wednesday.

In honor of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gordon Bohannon, whose marriage was an event of the fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Boothe of South Pasadena entertained Thursday evening with a large and brilliant reception at the Califor-

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nia Club. Mr. and Mrs. Bohannon will be guests at the Boothe home until December 10, when they leave for New York. They will remain in the latter city this winter, but will go to Switzerland next spring to remain indefinitely. Mr. Bohannon's business calling him to that country.

Among the affairs of recent date which was much enjoyed by members of the younger set, was the dinner and theater party given Friday of last week by Mrs. Eyre Barrow-french of St. Paul avenue for her two sons, Messrs. Dwight and George Whiting. Later, the guests were taken to the Mason to the performance of "The Fortune Hunter," and a supper at the Alexandria followed. Guests included Misses Mildred Burnett, Florence Wood, Amy Marie Norton, Katherine Banning, Eleanor MacGowan, Katherine Barbour, Dorothy Botsford, Juliette Borden, Miss Wainwright of Halifax, N. S., who is the house guest of Mrs. Barrow-french; Messrs. Harold Pratt, Howard Pratt, George Ennis, Francis Graves, Hilliard MacGowan and Nat Head.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Morton of 2896 Roxbury street entertained Tuesday evening at their home with a dinner and five hundred party. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Laubersheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wren, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Bryson and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sherer.

At a large and resplendent reception given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. H. F. Vollmer of 605 New Hampshire street, Miss Pauline Vollmer, the attractive young daughter of the hostess, was formally introduced to society. The home was decorated with quantities of fragrant flowers and greenery. In the drawing room American Beauties were used and the dining room, hall and den were arranged in yellow chrysanthemums. More than three hundred invitations were issued for the affair. Receiving with Mrs. Vollmer and Miss Vollmer were the former's older daughter, Mrs. W. W. Mines, Mesdames Harry Jackins, James P. Burns, John Harvey Miles, Secondo Guasti, William Perry Story, B. V. Collins, Robert Marsh, Frank B. Silverwood; Misses Ella May Gardiner, May Rhodes, Ruth Larned, Edna Letts, Gladys Letts, Dorothy Jackins, Edna Miles, Sue Adelle Miles and Hazel Ball.

Mrs. William J. Brodrick and her daughter, Mrs. Walter J. Schmahl, will receive their friends at the home of the former, 1936 South Figueroa street, Wednesday afternoon, December 7.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns, of 3538 Wilshire boulevard gave a house warming Thursday evening at their home, the affair being in the nature of a "salmagundi party." The decorations were especially attractive, scarlet carnations and ferns being used in the hall and living room and white chrysanthemums in the dining room, while upstairs pale pink carnations were arranged. Mrs. George A. Johnston and Miss Pauline Vollmer assisted in receiving.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Margaret E. Jordan and Mrs. Henry Eichelberger for a reception to be given at the Women's Clubhouse, Wednesday afternoon, December 14. More than three hundred guests have been invited.

Elaborate preparations have been made by the women of St. Catherine's Guild of St. Stephens church of Hollywood for their annual bazaar, which will be this afternoon and evening. A large assortment of exquisite fancy work, beautifully dressed dolls, marvelous gypsy fortune tellers, and a well-selected program will conspire to make the undertaking a success. A Christmas tree, home-made candies, cakes and a genuine "bargain table" will be special features. Every department will be complete and the Christmas shopper will find the acquiring of gifts greatly facilitated by the attractive array of choice novelties, and dainty acceptable article at nominal prices. The annual bazaars of the guild are always distinct successes, socially as well as otherwise, and this one gives promise of being equally as delightful and profitable. In charge of the affair as chairmen are Mrs. Charles J. George; punch, Mrs. E. F. Bogardus; refreshments, Mrs. A. A. Caldwell, and Mrs. J. C. Cameron; Christmas tree, Miss

Brydges; dolls, Mrs. B. F. Jacobs; candies, the Misses Fitch; popcorn, Mrs. George Melville; fortune telling, Mrs. Downing. The musical program will be in charge of Mr. Howell. Heads of the various booths will be assisted by a bevy of assistants.

Members of the younger set are interested just now in the informal announcement of the engagement of Miss Kathleen Spence to Mr. Jack Laynge, the brother of her sister-in-law. Miss Spence, whose formal debut was made only a few weeks ago, is one of the most popular members of the exclusive circles. She is a daughter of the late E. F. Spence and the family is socially prominent. No date has been set for the marriage, which probably will be deferred until after the bride-elect's first season.

Miss Gwendolen Lee Low, daughter of Mrs. Charles Perkins Tatum of 1841 Westmoreland boulevard, is in Tucson, Ariz., for the winter, being the house guest there of her sister, Mrs. Richard Y. Brady. She will visit in Flagstaff and the Grand Canyon before returning to her home here.

Mrs. William J. Davis was hostess Thursday afternoon at a charmingly appointed reception at her home in Westchester place. Guests were received between 2 and 5 o'clock.

In honor of Miss Sally Bonner and Miss Elizabeth Hicks, two of the attractive buds of the season, Mrs. William A. Ramsay of Western avenue entertained at luncheon at her home Friday.

Mrs. William J. Chichester of Menlo avenue, with her daughter, Miss Katherine Chichester, and her mother, Mrs. Weeden Gray, have taken apartments at the Hotel Darby on West Adams street for the winter.

Mrs. Jay H. Utley of Menlo avenue gave a delightful luncheon at her home Thursday in honor of her second daughter, Miss Marjorie Utley, and also in compliment to the Misses Jane Rollins, Lucile Clark and Elizabeth Hicks, all of whom are debutantes of this season.

Mr. Irving H. Hellman was the host at a little dinner party at the Virginia, Tuesday evening. Among those present were Miss Florence Marx, Miss Weil of San Francisco, Miss Amy I. Hellman, Mr. Isadore Klingenstein and I. G. Fleishman. They came down in their motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stevens and Miss Stevens of Buffalo, N. Y., are house guests of Mrs. Stevens' sister, Mrs. Alfred Solano of South Figueroa street. In honor of Mrs. Stevens and Miss Stevens, Mrs. Solano will entertain Monday afternoon, December 5, with a reception.

Mr. Joseph McMillan, general manager of the Pacific Electric line, went down to Long Beach in his special car with a party of seven gentlemen, having dinner and passing the evening at the Virginia this week.

Mr. Homer Laughlin, Jr., of Los Angeles is a frequent guest at the Virginia, visiting his sister, Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, who has a suite at the hotel.

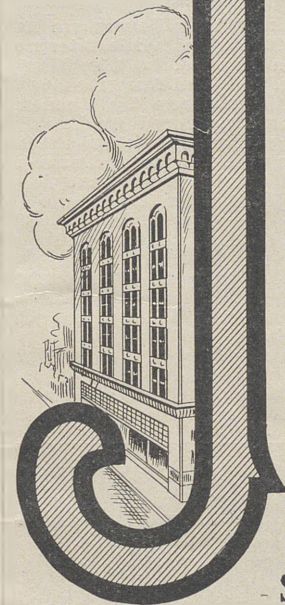
Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Drake, Garfield Drake, Jr., Miss Dorothy and Miss Elizabeth Drake and Mrs. H. Bochner of Los Angeles were Sunday dinner guests at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mrs. Burton Green of Ellendale place was hostess Friday afternoon at an informal bridge luncheon.

Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Gray, are at Hotel Darby for the winter months.

Among the many prominent folk who are recent arrivals at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, are included the following Los Angelans: Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindner, Mr. Charles M. Stimson, Mrs. Helen C. Narregang, Mrs. R. F. del Valle, Mrs. E. G. Guyar, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., Mr. Oscar Wolf and Mr. C. L. Wright. Pasadena also has a large representation, including Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Earley, Miss Jessie Farley, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Tyson, Miss Dorothy Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, Miss Stimson, Mrs. Janette F. Peterson, Mrs. F. H. Gilchrist, Mrs. K. N. Avery, Mrs. Warren Barnhart, and Mr. Walter H. Pritchard. Others from Southern California cities were Mr. James Mills, Riverside; Miss Lindenberg, East Newport; Mr. J. P.

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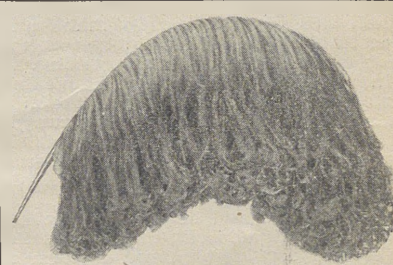
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Baumgartner, Santa Ana; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gitty, Santa Ana; and Mr. Harry Dusit, Santa Ana. San Francisco guests numbered: Mr. S. E. Epler, Miss Katherine McGowan, Mr. Charles H. Madison, Mr. de Putron Gliddon, Mr. C. W. B. Comelins and Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Forbes. Various other cities and states were represented on the register, including Madrid, Spain, from where Mr. Frank N. Vial hails.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran of 234 Loma drive were host and hostess Wednesday evening at a theater party at the Auditorium to see the Russian dancers. Their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Louis Stott, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor. After the performance the guests were taken to the Alexandria for supper.

Mrs. Spencer K. Smith of West Adams street is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Charlotte S. Dallet of Philadelphia. Many pleasant affairs are being planned for the visitor.

Mrs. Frederick T. Griffin and Mrs. S. B. Hahn of Severance street have issued invitations for a tea, Wednesday, December 14.



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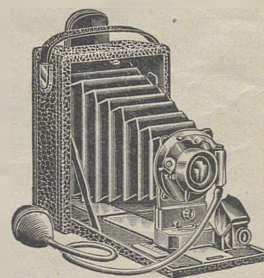
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Cheaters

If Walter Pater could have come to life this week and visited Los Angeles, how he would have reveled in the materialized form of Apollo, the son of Jupiter, embodied in the lithe, poetic figure of M. Mikail Mordkin, whose classic dancing is a revelation unsurpassed for its idealized beauty. Mordkin is a poet and he expresses the emotions with refreshing abandon in which no trace of artificiality appears. Pavlova's dancing, to the contrary, is the quintessence of studied art, beautiful, graceful, supple, finished, but still artificial. Herein lies the difference between these two accomplished artists, whose wonderful exhibitions have been attracting capacity houses at the Auditorium this week, beginning with Wednesday evening's performance.

Opening with a musical version of Theophile Gautier's pastoral idyl, "Giselle," the dancing of the French peasantry, led by Pavlova and Mordkin, as Giselle and Loys, respectively, presents a feast for the eyes that leaves little to be desired, unless it is more of Mordkin's individual expressions of poetic grace. With the summoning from her grave, by the fairies, of the broken-hearted peasant girl, whose death has followed the discovery that her Loys is a prince in disguise, plighted to one in his own lofty station in life, ensues the daintiest of all dancing by the wood nymphs, in the heart of the forest, with Giselle leading the mad whirl at the call of the queen of the fairies. Comes to her grave the distracted Loys, who is enraptured by fleeting glimpses of his lost love, who finally taking pity on him allows herself to be drawn to his heart. Seized by the fairies, Loys is compelled to join in the dance. At daybreak, exhausted, he bears the inert body of Giselle back to its earthly resting place, whence she had been summoned by the fairies, and he sinks to the sword, lifeless. It is a compelling picture, in which lithe bodies, supple limbs and graceful forms reveal the story that the mute lips are estopped from telling.

In the second half of the opening performance, Polish dances, to the music of Glinka and Glazounow, arranged by Mordkin, are interpreted by a picked corps of dancers from the Imperial Russian ballet, all of them artists. In these fascinating folk dances, Mlle. Anna Pavlova and M. Mikail Mordkin perform a pas de deux that brings the revel to a conclusion, amid a storm of approval. Individual dancing to the music of Tschaikowsky, Drigo, Delibes and Saint Saens follows by the two principals, of which a special feature is the Swan Dance by Pavlova. Russian dances by Mlle. Bronislawa Pajitzkaia are given with a spirit and grace which she repeats in the Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2, by Liszt, assisted by a selected bevy of male and female dancers, whose rhythmic gyrations have irresistible charm.

But it is in the Bacchanale, with which the performance closes, given by Pavlova and Mordkin, that the apex of classic dance is reached. If his arrow dance, preceding, an untrammelled expression of joyous youth, suggests an idealized Pan the Shepherd, strayed into the valley from Olympus, minus the mythical horns and uncouth form and features, his appearance in the Bacchanale is the embodiment of a young Bacchus, in the festival of that Dionysia, so beloved of Pater. Sweetness, grace, charm and joyous abandon lurk in every step and gesture. His partially unclad figure, with its velvety skin, yet muscular as a panther's, having not a little of that sinuous creature's strength and wonderful quickness, is of fascinating beauty. He leaps, he laughs, he floats, he whirls in an abandon of animal spirits that are akin to the expressions of a young Sylvanus, a god of the woods, at his first wooing, and Pavlova is the beautiful fauna, dancing to his call. They are two wild, young things that know no restraint of civilization, whose mad joy in sheer living, in love of colors, of the sun, of the sky, of the woods is exquisitely interpreted. For the nonce they are no longer human, they are of the sylvani, with the

heart of a tree for their abode, leaves for their covering, the denizens of the woods their associates, their intimates, their playmates. Never was such dancing ever seen. Never was so much glorious abandon displayed by the one, so much exquisite art exhibited by the other. Great are Mordkin and Pavlova! S. T. C.

"World and His Wife" at Majestic

Better work William Faversham has never done than in his virile interpretation of Don Ernesto, in "The World and His Wife," adapted from the Spanish of Jose Echegaray by Frederic Nirdlinger and produced under Mr. Faversham's personal direction at the Majestic this week. It is a drama of suggestion. Gossip says that Don Ernesto, the son of an old friend of Don Julian, a wealthy diplomat, with a young wife, whom he adores, and who reciprocates his love, is making a cuckold of the husband. That it is wholly false is of little consequence to the scandalmongers. The relatives of Don Julian frankly tell him why his foreign appointment is held up and he scorns the base innuendoes with becoming resentment. But the insinuations of his brother, the retailed gossip



FELICE MORRIS, AT ORPHEUM

of his sister-in-law, various ocular evidences, innocent enough in themselves, but distorted into appearance of guilt by his poisoned imagination, seem to corroborate what the world of Madrid is saying. Don Ernesto finally runs to earth the chief propagandist of these lies and challenges him to a duel. Learning of the arrangement, Don Julian intervenes with his own rapier and is severely wounded by the man bent on ruining Don Ernesto, because of a family feud. Ernesto, in turn, mortally wounds his insidious enemy.

But, alas Dona Teodora, having rushed to Ernesto's studio to get news of her husband, is there discovered by him in what seem to be suspicious circumstances, and, wounded as he is, he denounces the apparently perfidious wife and treacherous friend of his bosom. The net is closely drawn. Don Severo, the brother, convinced of the guilt of the unhappy pair, forbids the sick room of Don Julian to the wretched, guiltless wife, who tries in vain to establish her innocence. Rising from his couch, Don Julian staggers into the sitting room just in time to find Dona Teodora and Ernesto in earnest consultation, devising a plan to convince the husband that he is self-deceived. With a heartbroken cry he retreats to his room, and when Don Severo, yield-



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ing to the wife's appeals, opens the door of the bedchamber, she gazes upon the dead body of Don Julian. She is stunned by the shock and sinks to the floor. Don Severo orders her from the house, when Ernesto, stung to a fury by the inexorable march of circumstances and the knowledge of their innocence, recounts the story of his suppressed love for Dona Teodora, never uttered, never once given expression, even in his midnight watches, all alone. With fine scorn he traces the attempts to blacken the wife's reputation and besmirch his own unsullied name. With agony he recites the passing of Don Julian, his deceived friend, and ends by exclaiming that now and forevermore he will give his love full sway, and, gathering the perturbed Teodora in his arms, the curtain falls on their enforced union—the victims of circumstances they have vainly tried to stem.

Admirably has Echegaray conserved the dramatic unities and as inexorably as one of Ibsen's plays the purpose is unfolded and carried to its logical conclusion. Shakespeare's "trifles, light as air" become to the unfortunate husband "confirmation, strong as Holy Writ," under the suggestive bane of his suspicious brother and the too-receptive mind of Dona Mercedes, his sister-in-law. The Don Julian of A. Cooper Cliffe is a consistent, careful study, excellently heightening the telling work of Mr. Faversham, whose Don Ernesto reveals this conscientious actor in the most favorable light. The brilliant dialogue loses nothing in his reading. His voice is richly mellowed, sympathetic and with good carrying powers. In the final scene, when he lashes, in a torrent of surcharged indignation, the censorious Don Severo, he rises to superb heights, and in no particular is disappointing. As Dona Teodora, Julie Opp is satisfactory, but her voice lacks the tenderer qualities that lend charm to a characterization of this nature. Her Juno-like figure is a delight to the eye, but at times embarrassing to those who play opposite her, by reason of her commanding figure. It must be said, however, that she has fine repose and in the emotional moments is entirely convincing. The Captain Beaulieu of Frank Hollins is a capital portrayal of an English attache. Harry Redding might pose as the double of the young King Alfonso. His Don Pepito is creditably sustained. Don Severo is well entrusted to L. Rogers Lytton, and Dona Mercedes is adequately interpreted by Miss Nina Herbert. The stage mountings are a visual treat and the incidental music, with its Spanish coloring, highly pleasing. S. T. C.

"The Test," at the Belasco

Jules Eckert Goodman's problem drama, "The Test," which was originated by the Blackwood-Stone company when it occupied the local Auditorium, is being given by the Belasco organization this week, with Lewis Stone in the role which he created—

that of Richard Tretman, the ex-convict. "The Test" has an interesting theme, dramatic, yet not intense enough to make a brilliant success as a play. As a novel the story would, without doubt, rank among the enviable list dubbed "best-sellers." It is the old, old story—the inequality of conventional standards toward the woman who falls and the man who errs. Welcome the man's return to righteous ways, herald it to the world that he has reformed, but cast the woman into the pit of oblivion—or rather, cast her into the living hell of her condemning, sneering sisters, and the unwelcome advances of the stronger sex. Emma Eltyng is the woman in the case. Her sweetheart, Richard Tretman, has stolen for her, and in order to save him from prison, she gives herself to Frederick McVane, his employer. McVane plays the dog and does not keep his bargain. Years pass, and Emma meets Arthur Thone, novelist and dreamer, who awakens her sleeping soul until its tiny tendrils stretch wistfully toward the light. But Tretman comes back, and not knowing of Emma's vain sacrifice, condemns her. McVane, too, becomes a factor by requesting Thone to sanction his betrothal to Thone's sister, Peggy. Peggy forgives McVane's past, yet when she learns that her brother would marry Emma, she deems the woman unfit. Thone hears the story of Emma's wrongs and puts his theories into practice by offering her refuge as his wife. Tretman goes away to make a man of himself because of Emma's selfishness, and Thone's sister sees the injustice of her own attitude. Mr. Goodman's solution appeases the great demand for they-lived-happy-ever-after-endings, yet his play fails to strike home for the great reason that he has merely worked out a theory without presenting the great test. He does not take into consideration the days which will follow, when Thone's sensitive soul will ache with the crudities of the wife who is not fitted to take a position in his circle of life—when he will forget her big womanliness in irritation against her little defects, when the rosy glamour of passion and romance fades into the sedate hues of married existence. Far better if Mr. Goodman had had Emma renounce Thone, to let her stand the test, to be transmuted by the alchemy of love and come forth pure gold. It would be difficult to imagine a better balanced production than that given by the Belasco company Monday night—slightly dragged though it was by Mr. Camp and Miss Gordon forgetting their lines and stumbling over their cues. Lewis Stone's Richard Tretman is an achievement—a heart-breaking picture of a man whose view of life has been distorted by its unjust cruelty to him. In his creased, cheap clothes, his lined, weary face and gray hair, it is hard to discover the Stone personality. The role is dark gray, somber—yet Mr. Stone's delineation makes it luminous. Miss Gordon ren-

ders valuable assistance as Emma Eltyng. She shows with fine perception Emma's hardness, which is half softened by Thone's influence. Her portrayal is as big and commanding as the role. Frank Camp is well cast as Thone, subduing his vigorous personality to a gentle kindness and rightly relying upon it to portray what is termed the man's "splendid foolishness." The new ingenue, Viola Barry, reveals a winsome personality, but her Minna is somewhat insipid. A lesser role, that is made one of the big things of the presentation, is Richard Vivian's "Schlimiel," a splendid dramatic etching. Brief character parts are capital-ly done by James Applebee, John Kennedy and Charles Ruggles.

"Texas," at the Burbank

At the Burbank Theater this week a panoramic view of actors is the most striking feature in the working out of the trite western drama entitled, "Texas." The play is of the stereo-

Willis Marks' portrayal of the peon servant, Corpus Christi, is artistically done.

"Office Boy," at the Grand

Ferris Hartman has revived his last season's triumph, "The Office Boy," with signal success at the Grand Opera House. In the Frank Daniels role of Noah Little, the eccentric office boy, Hartman is in his element. His osculatory song with Myrtle Dingwall, in which he gives the uninitiated lessons in "the proper way to kiss," and in a catchy, tripping "Dublin Rag" he pleases his audiences immensely, but when he sings that old favorite, "I'm on the Water Wagon Now," it is with difficulty that they are persuaded he cannot keep on indefinitely—(the song not the wagon). Myrtle Dingwall is her bewitching self as Euphemia, sings like a nightingale, and is a pleasure to the eye. Pettily fascinating is Muggins Davies in the part of Claire De Lune, and she has one song with a Spanish dance accompaniment which one of her masculine-admirers remark-



"MRS. WIGGS," AT THE MAJESTIC THEATER, NEXT WEEK

typed "cowboy" style and is evolved from well-worked situations, strung together with platitudinous lines, the monotony of which is relieved only by one alluring situation. The play lacks appeal to the emotions and its interest is principally centered in the character work of the actors, all of whom strive diligently to raise their roles above the mediocre. First honors fall to Peter M. Lang, whose "Oklahomay" is a genial, good-natured cowboy, whose chief aim in life is to marry the "Widder Peppercorn." Byron Beasley has a colorless part as Jack Dallen, and invokes no great effort in futile endeavor to impart life to the role. Marjorie Rambeau does commendably as Texas West. David M. Hartford is picturesque, but three-quarters American as the half-breed, Pasquale. Harmon McGregor as Sam Sorrel, Howard Scott as Tank, and Harry S. Duffield as Col. Buck West, do creditable work, while

ed was "all to the tabasco." Anna Little plays the part of Paquita with little of the dash and fire demanded. She should have been given the role of Estelle, which Carmen Phillips handles well, and flashing-eyed, dark-haired Miss Phillips should have been given a chance as Paquita—a part which it would seem was made for her. Walter DeLeon has few demands made upon him as Rider Little, but he gives good account of himself, as do Robert Leonard, George Poultney and Olive Le Noir. The prize chorus has a number of effective dances and provides a more than satisfactory background throughout.

Attractions at the Orpheum

Naturally, the announcement that Lionel Barrymore and McKee Rankin, assisted by Doris Rankin, would present a one-act play at the Orpheum, aroused an anticipation of good work,

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Old Soldier Fiddlers
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Dancers, Black Face Artists and Monologists

but such is doomed to bitter disappointment. An unworthy vehicle, "The White Slaver," gives Mr. Rankin brief opportunity for his excellent art, and allows Doris Rankin to run away with the honors. The sketch itself tells a story that is not worth narrating. It deals with a subject that should only be made the theme of an intensely strong, keenly dramatic play—without those virtues it becomes an unnecessary exploitation of an unpleasant phase of life. Miss Rankin's picture of Maria, the little, sad-faced Italian girl, who has been sold into slavery, is pathetic and real. Rankin, too, is effective, but Mr. Barrymore plays in a hysterical key that weakens the big moment of the playlet. An act that certainly possesses the zest of novelty is "The Old Soldier Fiddlers." Five veterans of the Civil War, three in blue and two in gray, fiddle the old war tunes, without pretense at technique or violin playing, and are greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm. It is an unusual and pleasing offering, and its one fault is a tendency to talk too much on the part of its director. Popular songs, popular stories, a high, robust voice and a magnetic personality make Frank Morrell, "the singing minstrel," a strong favorite, who is applauded to the echo. Balancing feats, remarkable because they are done on a wire held by the teeth of two men, are offered by the Gus Onlaw Trio. Holdovers are Thurber & Madison, Spissell Bros. & Co., Augusta Glose, and Willard Simms & Co.

Novelties at the Los Angeles Theater

This week's bill at the Los Angeles Theater is one of merit with acrobatics and dancing acts predominant. One sketch, "A Night at the Lodge," is featured with Nat Leffingwell and Louise Myers in the principal roles. The play is humorous and takes well with a not too critical audience. One of the best of the acts is that presented by John and Bertha Gleeson and Fred Houlihan, a dance and song turn, in which the young woman is heralded as the champion dancer of the world, her specialty being the triple shuffle. Harry Bloom, "The Prince of Song," has a pleasing voice and renders several enjoyable songs. His rival on the bill is Signorina Bea Verera, whose contributions are of a more classical turn, and are well received. In the acrobatic line comes La Belle Meeker, an attractive maiden of the physical culture type. She does clever work on the swinging rings and rope. The Carl Pantzer Trio, sensational contortion and equilibristic feats present an act of more than ordinary merit, and find an appreciative audience. Rice & Prevost, in a sprightly acrobatic turn, give ample opportunity for optimistic guffaws, and two sets of laugh-o-scope pictures conclude the bill.

Offerings for Next Week

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" comes to the Majestic Monday night for a week's engagement. This play of the vicissitudes and joys of Mrs. Wiggs, her brood of children and her quaint neighbors has become almost a classic. It won English audiences as no other American play ever has done, delighting both the London and the Australian dramatic critics. It is a clean and wholesome picture of life.

Lewis S. Stone as Sherlock Holmes will be the attractive offering of the Belasco company the coming week. While William Gillette is making a revival of his celebrated detective play at the Empire Theater, New York, Mr. Stone and his associates will treat the Belasco patrons to the thrills of this melodrama. The role of the famous detective will give Mr. Stone a chance for a capital portrayal of the terror of criminals. Frank Camp will play Professor Moriarty; Richard Vivian will be seen as Doctor Watson, William Yerance as Larrabee; Charles Giblyn as Forman, the servant-detective; Helene Sullivan as Alice Faulkner, Adele Farrington as Madge Larrabee, and Viola Barry as Terese. The performance of "Sherlock Holmes" will introduce Lloyd Bacon as a regular member of the Belasco company.

At the Burbank will be presented one of the raciest comedies ever written in "An American Widow," Kennett Chamber's delightful play, which is built upon the foreign matrimonial problem and the ease with which divorces are obtained these days. It was seen in Los Angeles a short time ago, when it was

produced by Virginia Harned and her company at the Majestic Theater. The plot concerns Mrs. Killigrew, widow of an aged millionaire, who has made a will that if his widow marries a foreigner she shall be disinherited. Of course, the fair widow immediately becomes obsessed with the desire to marry an earl. To do this, she makes a marriage of convenience with an American—a young composer—and eventually falls in love with her husband. Marjorie Rambeau will play the widow, Byron Beasley, the composer, Howard Scott, the earl, David Landau, the friend of everyone, and Peter Lang, Grace Travers, Florence Oberle, Louise Royce, Ethel von Waldron, Willis Marks and Frederick Gilbert will have congenial roles.

Emilio de Gogorza will appear as the second artist on the second series of the Philharmonic Course next Tuesday evening. Gogorza's voice is a clear, resonant baritone of exceptional quality. Although he never has sung in opera, he has gained world-wide fame. His program is given below:

Caro mio ben (Giordani). Adieu, chere Louise (Monsigny). Air de Thos "Iphigénie en Tauride" (Cluck). Emilio de Gogorza: Sonate appassionata (Beethoven). Mr. Schmitz: Kehn wort von dir (Tschalkowsky). Es blinkt der thum (Hühnslein). Feldensankel (Brahms). Cecelia (Strauss). Mr. de Gogorza: Drink to me Only



EMILIO DE GOGORZA

With Thine Eyes (Old English). Thou Art so Like a Flower (Hadley). Ballad of the Bonny Fiddler (Hammond). Gipsy Joe (Beaumont). The Lak Now Leaves Its Watery Nest (Parker). Mr. de Gogorza: Arabesque (Debussy). Two preludes (Debussy). Jardin sous la pluie (Debussy). Mr. Schmitz: Aria, Promesse de mon avenir "Rio de Janeiro" (Massenet). Mr. de Gogorza: Canto del, prosidario (Alvarez). Tavia la Romeria (Feast at the Hermitage). (Ercilla). Largo al factotum (Barber of Seville) (Rossini). Mr. de Gogorza.

For the week beginning Monday matinee, December 5, the Orpheum will have a strong stellar attraction in the Imperial Russian Dancers. Last summer, when Mr. Meyerfeld, Jr., president of the Orpheum Circuit, was in St. Petersburg, it was arranged that this circuit should have the opportunity of exploiting real Russian ballet dancing. Another foreign importation on next week's bill is Mlle. Camille Ober. Mlle. Ober is said to have a remarkable voice, singing higher than Ellen Beach Yaw—reaching G in the fourth octave. Her selections will show her voice to the greatest advantage, and her gowns will be examples of the art of Parisian modistes. Felice Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, and inheritor of his acting ability, comes in "A Call for Help," which will be found a vehicle of much fun. The New York Trio, composed of the three Kuhn boys, will devote their time to popular selections. Holdovers are Barrymore, Rankin & Co., in "The White Slaver," the Old Soldier Fiddlers, Frank Morrell, and the Gus Onlaw Trio, while there will be a film of new motion pictures.

"Nearly a Hero," Sam Bernard's successful starring vehicle, will receive its first production in the entire west and also its first presentation at the hands

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of a stock organization this week by Ferris Hartman and his big singing and dancing company. This is the most expensive royalty show the Grand Opera House has ever offered its patrons. Ferris Hartman will have unlimited opportunities for funmaking as Ludwig Kneedler, a German tailor. Kneedler visits his landlord, Dolittle, to request a little extra time in which to pay his rent. Finding Dolittle attempting to explain to his wife why his clothes are soaked with water and mud, Kneedler decides to become a hero, and also "get next" to his landlord, and representing himself as an embassy attache, informs Mrs. Dolittle that he has saved her husband from a watery grave. The complications which ensue are said to provide funny situations of which Hartman will make the best. Robert Leonard will play Dolittle, George Poultney will be seen as Montague, an actor, Walter DeLeon as Fred Dolittle, Oliver LeNoir as M. Moreau, Myrtle Dingwall as Gwen-dolyn Dolittle, Muggins Davies as Kate, Josie Hart as Angeline, Marta as Mrs. Dolittle, and Carmen Phillips as Francine, the French maid.

Another unusually big bill of eight new acts will mark next week's offerings at the Los Angeles Theater. The stellar attractions of the new program are Harry Van Fossen, the minstrel man; T. Nelson Downs, "The King of Coins;" Campbell & Yates, and "Celest." Harry Van Fossen, "burnt cork" comedian, has a line of minstrel comedies that have made a big hit over the Sullivan & Considine circuit. T. Nelson Downs has an act that is seldom seen on the vaudeville stage. He is, in a measure, a slight-of-hand performer, but his work is restricted entirely to the manipulation of coins. Campbell & Yates have an entertaining

sketch, "200 Miles from Boston," which comes from the pen of the well-known author, Edmund Day. The playlet is novel and amusing. "Celeste" is a sensational performer on the tight rope. The Three Imperials have an interlude of music and birth, Marie Cheville will offer classic dances, and the Three Escordos have an acrobatic novelty—the bounding table. Two reels of motion pictures complete the bill.

New faces and new program numbers will be featured on the Levy Cafe Chantant bill for the week of Monday, December 5. Ethel Leslie, comedienne and recital singer, from the concert halls of London is the new headliner. Elsie Sharp and Joe Turek, comedy artists, singers, dancers and monologists, whose blackface impersonations and monologue work have made them popular in the east, will open a four weeks' engagement. The Cosmopolitan Trio, presenting solos, duets and trios, from grand opera, and modern and classical composers, offer an entire change of program. The Mirimba Band, the South American players, are in their last week.

Friday afternoon, December 9, the second of this year's series of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra concerts will take place at the Auditorium. Director Hamilton has taken as his subject, Beethoven compositions—it being the Beethoven birthday period—presenting the Fourth Symphony in D flat and the Leonore Overture, No. 3. In addition to the symphony body, will be the appearance of Emilio de Gogorza, the celebrated baritone. The program numbers are as follows:

Fourth Symphony in D flat, op. 60 (Beethoven). Air, Roi di Lahore (Massenet). Leonore Overture No. 3 (Beethoven). Aria, Dio Possente, "Faust" (Gounod). Second Polonaise in E major (Liszt).

Colossal Structure to Rise at Eighth & Broadway



Fourteen-Story Building to Be Erected by Los Angeles Investment Company

Overtopping all other business blocks in the city will rise the splendid steel frame structure of fourteen stories which the Los Angeles Investment Company will erect on its recently acquired site at the northeast corner of Broadway and Eighth streets. Ground for this classic architectural pile, which will follow in general design the modified Corinthian order, will be broken next April, and a year from that time should see the completion of the building. The steel frame will be encased in concrete, with concrete floors, and exterior of white unglazed tile with terra cotta and tile ornamentation. Partitions will be of hollow tile and the shape of the building will be that of a double E, giving all offices outside light. The base will be of polished granite. Unique features for lighting and heating the building will be introduced. Tenants may ride directly into the basement, which will contain a garage with a capacity for sixty ma-

chines, and ascend in elevators to their various floors. The Globe Savings Bank will occupy the ground floor corner, having three entrances. Its safety deposit vaults will be admirably equipped. The Los Angeles Investment Company will occupy the adjoining Broadway front, extending in an L to its Eighth street entrance. Its architectural and service departments will occupy several of the upper floors. The interior furnishings of the main lobby will be in white marble, while tile, bronze and mahogany. It is estimated that the building will represent an outlay of a million dollars, to which must be added cost of the site, aggregating half a million more. The architect is Ernest McConneil, director of the Los Angeles Investment Company forces. To Charles Elder, president of the company, the building will be in a way a monument to his prescience and energy in the upbuilding of the great concern of which he is the active head.

Miss Garbutt's Haven for Shoppers

Suggestions for Christmas shoppers in the daintiest lingerie and fancy articles in hand embroidery are displayed in the home of Miss Margaret C. Garbutt, 2656 Hoover street. For the women who appreciate the more practical gifts there is an especially fine assortment of beautifully embroidered lingerie. An attractive arrangement for my lady's dressing table or boudoir includes dresser scarfs, ribbon cases, hangers, pin cushions, handkerchief cases, bags and other articles, all artistic specimens of skillful handiwork. For the baby there is a beautiful array of exquisitely wrought dresses and garments which make most desirable gifts to any mother. A delight to the housewife's heart would be a gift chosen from the pretty assortment of hand embroidered guest towels, luncheon sets and other linen pieces. A happy solution of Christmas gifts for men is a variety of tie racks, shirt cases and many other ingenious fancies. Novelty in the way of pin cases, vanity bags, opera bags, hangers, wash cloth cases, hot water bottle covers are innumerable. The prices which Miss Garbutt is making on her Christmas line is unusually reasonable, as a visit to her home will convince the shopper, already discouragedly querying, "What shall I buy?" Hand embroidery work is made a specialty by Miss Garbutt, who takes orders for lingerie, children's clothes and other handiwork of the needle. Orders for garments for trousseaux or baby layettes also are quickly and artistically filled.

Mrs. Benjamin Fowler and her daughter, Mrs. H. M. Foster, entertained with a five hundred party Tuesday at their home, 620 Hollywood boulevard.

Arriola and Mozart Compared

Writing in Musical America of the recent playing in Los Angeles of Pepito Arriola, W. Francis Gates draws the following comparison between Mozart traditions and the playing of the wonderful Spanish boy:

This little Mozart held his audiences entranced. And speaking of Mozart, is it not likely that Pepito is a greater boy player than the old master? Mozart never had a lot of Beethoven and Chopin and Liszt to play on a big, modern grand piano! Arriola did. The boy Mozart did not even have the later Mozart compositions to play, so it is probable his summit was Haydn. I imagine Mozart would have fallen down flat before a program which contained the Beethoven "Waldstein" sonata, the Chopin Polonaise, op. 53, the Rachmaninoff Prelude and the Liszt "Liebestraume" and Sixth Rhapsody. And yet these were in the first Arriola program of last week! . . . The wonder of the boy's playing is not so much in the technique, for anyone in the large cities has seen the clever technique that is acquired by many a young prodigy who "executes" the masters with the greatest of despatch and finally achieves musical oblivion. But here is a lad who has technique in the highest degree and with it that divine spark of musical beauty that is given only to a few in each generation, and to those but rarely at his age. The human element enters largely into Pepito's stage appearances. He took his audience into his childish confidence with a winning smile, and perched his bare knees on the piano stool with all naivete. Just before playing the Liszt Campanella he made a dig at each arm, rolled up his sleeves, showing six inches of loudly striped underwear, and waded into the work in hand with various colors flying.

Mr. Gates' opinions may not be exactly orthodox, but he has the courage of his convictions, and they are given prominent place in the New York musical journal.

Mrs. Mary D. Woollacott and her daughter, Miss Margaret Woollacott, have leased their home on South Alvarado street and are at the Hershey Arms for the winter.

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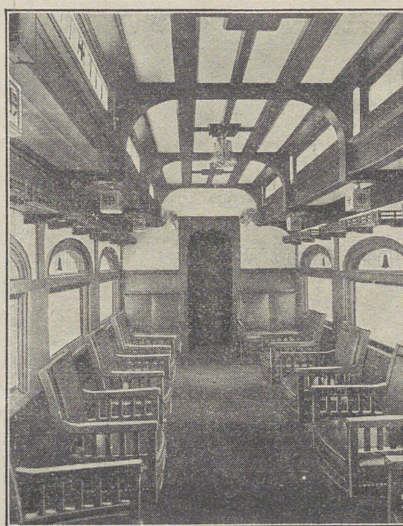
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Pearl Gray Mission Car For Santa Fe

Convinced that if the new mission style of car introduced by Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager John J. Byrne, on the kite-shaped track of the Santa Fe, would be popular if it received the unanimous approval of his newspaper friends, an invitation to test the comforts and charm of the beautiful new observation car was extended to a double score of newspaper editors and publishers of Southern California last Sunday to make the initial trip. It was a pronounced success, even if a

whetted the appetites of all, and following was a jaunt to Redlands and the ascension of famous Smiley Heights. Originally suggested by Mr. Miller, the details of the mission car were carried to a practical conclusion by Mr. Byrne, with the most attractive results. The car is of a solid steel frame, pearl gray in color, with gilt trimmings. Inside finishings are of weathered oak and leather. The ceilings are beamed and the electric lights are in the form of mission bells, in brass. The bracket lights, also in brass, are of Spanish box type, with the Santa Fe cross cut in each side. The plate glass windows bear a mission bell etching. They are dustproof and double. The cost of this pearl gray symphony is \$25,000, and since it is so well received, the San Diego run is to be favored with cars of a like design.



INTERIOR OF NEW MISSION CAR

half dozen of the party were left at the Santa Fe station, to be carried to Fullerton on the San Diego regular passenger, at which point Mr. Byrne awaited his chagrined guests. Nobody was missing at Riverside, however, when Master of Glenwood Inn, Frank A. Miller, led the visitors to a delightful dinner provided by his courtesy. A ride up Mount Rubidoux had preceded this function, which materially

Los Angeles is being largely represented at the Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel, recent arrivals there including the following prominent local folk: Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Mr. I. B. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Storror, Mr. Ralph Lewis, Mr. Harry Zimmer, Mr. Alfred B. Hastings, Dr. Hill Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Tally, Miss M. E. Blain, Mr. Seymour Tally, Mrs. R. B. Dunsmore and son, Master Donald Dunsmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hubbard, Mr. F. L. Pierce, Mr. C. R. White, Mrs. J. C. Hunt, Miss Florence Hunt, Mr. John P. Hunt, Mr. E. T. Hunt, Mr. C. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Siloner, Mr. Ira Pardue, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Meldroth, Mrs. B. Houston Rich, Miss Martha Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Vosburgh, Mr. Charles Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Neilands, Mr. Charles T. McKeha, Mr. J. Z. Grant and Mr. Clint.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Guthridge of Los Angeles chaperoned a little dinner party at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, recently. Among the guests were Miss Florence Paul, Miss Eleanor Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Kennedy of Los Angeles, guests of the Virginia, passed the week end at that hotel.

Stocks & Bonds

Central Oil has been the object of attack from several sides on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, and the fact that the shares have weathered the storm in a most signal fashion speaks volumes for the company and its management. As this is written, it looks as if the bear raid would turn out a fizzle.

In the better-known petroleum stocks the Stewart issues have a downward tendency, with no real buying power in sight, and with no support in the market. Union is headed for par, in the opinion of market experts. The stock is at 100 1/4 ex-dividend. Union Provident and United Petroleum are even slower, so far as board trading is concerned.

Associated did not retain its recent strength, for any length of time, although the stock seems to be wanted at present levels.

Mexican Common continues the real market leader, with the stock apparently pegged at around 35 1/2. Exchange Alley is convinced that the shares are to go much higher, and the second quarterly dividend is touted for at least a fifty per cent increase over the figure already announced in the coming holiday distribution, which is on a basis of four per cent per annum. Mexican Preferred is soft at 68, a loss of about two points since the last report. None of the Doheny Americans is showing any life.

Amalgamated, an Associated auxiliary, has taken on a new lease of life. The stock has had a drop from about par to 20, this year, due to a cut in dividends, and this week there has been a gain of about ten points over the recent lowest levels.

In the lesser oils, Consolidated Midway has recovered something of its earlier capacity to perform, and after having held around 18 1/2 has ruled steady at about 21. The market looks firm for better prices in the very near future. California Midway is soft, with the indications that the stock is heading for fifty. Jade also continues colorless. United Oil is stronger, with the market almost cleaned up of floating stock.

In the banking list, Southern Trust, Citizens National, National Bank of Commerce and Central National are showing signs of life. The first-named had gained the better part of four points since the last sales, and Central is wanted at about 170, in the face of a report that the existing dividend disbursement is to be reduced materially with the next payment January 1.

L. A. Home Telephone Pfd. is in demand at 30 and better, the first activity in the shares in many months. The company is said to be earning more money than ever in its history, although a resumption of dividends is not due at this time. Several of the better-known traction bonds are in demand, along with the stocks of the more substantial public service corporations, which at one time, before the recent rate tinkering at the city hall, were favorites with the investing public. At this time the bond list shows less real activity than ever before.

In the mining list there is little sign of genuine speculative life.

Money is beginning to show easier conditions, with funds for speculation available in moderate amounts. There is no change in the banking rates.

Banks and Banking

Before long the Chicago clearing house is likely to adopt the plan now in use in the New York clearing house relative to settlements between members, and at an early day the banks will be asked to ratify a plan for the issue of clearing house gold certificates to be used between banks in the settlement of their daily balances. The plan has been worked out by a special

committee that has been engaged on it for some time, and is virtually certain to be recommended favorably by the clearing house committee. It is the intention to engage a centrally located vault in which will be kept gold to be deposited by the various clearing house banks. Against this gold the clearing house will issue negotiable receipts or certificates, made out in the name of the depositing bank and payable to any bearer that is a member of the clearing house association. The certificates will not be good in other hands. These certificates, used in the settlement of clearing house balances, will obviate the necessity of carting gold through the streets every day, as is done at present. Another matter that has engaged the attention of the special committee is a plan for facilitating the clearing of checks for outlying and suburban banks that are not members of the clearing house, but clear through banks that are in the association. The present method is inconvenient for the downtown institutions.

Southern California, in line with its marvelous growth, is acquiring many new banks, and word is now given that the controller of currency has approved the application of C. S. Thompson, A. McGovny, H. S. Harrington, O. L. Coke and A. Grant to organize the First National Bank of Hynes, capitalized at \$50,000. A charter was granted for the organization of the National Bank of Los Banos with a capital of \$25,000. Interested in the new institution are J. V. Toscano, A. Harris, C. S. Cothran, J. Waggoner and M. J. Afonso. A charter also was issued to the First National Bank of Puente, with a capital of \$25,000, and Marco Hellman, who will be interested as vice-president, also will be vice-president of the First National Bank of Terra Bella, which will be opened soon. George Hart, of the Natick and Rosslyn hotels of this city, will be president of the Puente bank, and William Rowland will be president of the one at Terra Bella.

It is interesting to note that in the list of banks arranged according to volume of deposits, the First National Bank of Chicago, which early last year took rank ahead of the First National of New York and subsequently lost that position, again has outranked its friendly rival. The First National of New York dropped to seventh place on the list, as the National Bank and the Hanover National Bank of New York both reported larger deposits. There were thirty banks that reported deposits of \$25,000,000 or more, as compared with thirty-one September 1. The First National of Kansas City again is included, and in fact has passed two of the institutions which were in the list two months ago.

The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liabilities of 51.47 per cent is high for this week of the year, and with the exception of last year's unusual figures has not been exceeded in recent times, comparing with a ten-year average of 45.67 per cent. The bank is evidently still able to make its 5 per cent rate effective and has strengthened its resources so materially in the last few weeks that it may be reasonably expected that 5 per cent will be the high point of the bank rate, with probabilities favoring a reduction early in January.

Chicago bank clearings showed a loss of \$9,150,849 and of \$5,128,632 in balances last week compared with a year ago.

New York associated banks in their weekly statements issued last Saturday reflect further progress in the readjustment of recent artificial conditions. A steady influx of cash effects an increased reserve which more than takes care of mounting deposits, and permits

an advance in the surplus reserve in excess of \$18,000,000, compared with less than \$5,000,000 a few weeks ago.

Plans are being made for the erection of a new bank building for the Cuyamaca State Bank.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Riverside citizens, by a large majority, voted bonds recently for the improvement of Fairmount Park and for additional fire protection for the city. The bonds were in the sum of \$50,000.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive sealed bids up until 2 p.m. December 19 for the purchase of bonds of the Jefferson school district in the sum of \$10,000. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

There having been no bids in response to the call for the sale of the Seaside boulevard bonds of Long Beach, the city clerk has been instructed to re-advertise for them. It is understood that bids will be placed for the bonds within a few days by persons who were unable to do so before the expiration of the time previously set. The bonds are in two denominations, 728 of them being of \$100 each and one bond of \$106.05.

Bids were opened at Santa Ana the first of the week for the sale of \$185,000 bonds to be used by the Newbert Protection District in Santa Ana county for a drainage canal. The bids of Laura E. Cole of \$4,400 for twelve bonds of \$370 each were the only ones accepted. There remain unsold 292 bonds at the par value of \$108,080. Bids will be received again December 6.

Redlands trustees have called an election for December 20 to vote bonds in the sum of \$75,000 for the purchase of twenty acres of land adjoining the University of Redlands campus for park purposes. In connection with the park, a playground will be established for children.

Sealed bids will be received up to 7:30 p.m. December 5, by the Ontario trustees for the sale of municipal water bonds in the sum of \$175,000. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be 2 per cent of the amount bid.

Electors of the East Whittier school district will hold an election December 15, to vote bonds in the sum of \$15,000 for school purposes. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Provisions in the proposed new school bond issue for Los Angeles county will include either a new high school or an intermediate school for the East Los Angeles, Highland Park and Garvanza section.

October's Gold Output in Transvaal

Output of gold from the mines of the Transvaal in October amounted to 653,147 ounces of fine gold, valued at £2,774,390, which compares with 646,899 ounces having a value of £2,747,853 for September.

Shakespeare's Idyl Well Interpreted

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented Friday night, December 2, by the intermediate class in expression at Cunnock School. The performance was given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., half of the money to be given to a scholarship fund and half to the worthy extension work. The life and soul of this play centers to a great extent in Puck, and Miss Winifred Mackey held the responsibility well on her slight shoulders. She skipped and danced through her part with impish glee and perfect grace, and together with Oberon and Titania, played by Miss Rosalie Eudington and Madeleine Harris, brought an artistic element of the supernatural into the production. Other roles were well taken by Mrs. Kathryn Chambers as the Duke of Athens, Miss Beulah Fillpot as Ly-sander, Miss Kathleen Hampton as Demetrius, Miss Bertha Wilcox as Hermia and Miss Edna Green as Helena. Worthy of mention, too, are the clowns, of whom Mrs. Cartlich as Bottom and Miss Gladys Wilhelm as Quince stood out for their serious comedy parts, played with spontaneity and appreciation. Miss Willamene Wilkes coached the play, while Miss Fanny M. Hunt produced the very dainty fairy dances. Throughout the play Mendelssohn's music was used as accompaniment.

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Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

04227. Not Coal Lands. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California. October 31, 1910. Notice is hereby given that James Middleton Sawtelle, Cal., who, on May 11, 1908, Homestead Entry No. 11744, Serial No. 10559, for SE 1-4 NW 1-4, Section 27, Township 30S, Range 18W, S.B. Meridian, has notice of intention to make final five year claim to the land above described before U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, on the 16th day of December, 1910. Claimant names as witnesses: Charles N. Haskell, Mrs. Charles Haskell, both of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Nellie Wickersham, of 130 N. Grand ave., Los Angeles. FRANK BUREN, Registrar. Date of first publication Nov. 5, 1910.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

03092. Not Coal Lands. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California. October 31, 1910. Notice is hereby given that Samuel Cripe, The Palms, Cal., who, on May 19, 1904, Homestead Entry No. 10559, Serial No. 10559, for Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Section 30, Township 30S, Range 18W, S.B. Meridian, has notice of intention to make final five year claim to the land above described before U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, on the 14th day of December, 1910. Claimant names as witnesses: James S. of Suma Canyon, Cal.; C. C. Fredrickson, of Cripe, Austin Johnson, all of The Palms. FRANK BUREN, Registrar. Date of first publication Nov. 5, 1910.